

# THE FIELD AFAR



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# The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

(MARYKNOLL)

Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

## IN THE UNITED STATES.

**THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION** is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy, theology, scripture, etc. The Auxiliary Brotherhood of St. Michael was established for those who wish to devote themselves to foreign mission work, but are not inclined to pursue higher studies or to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood. The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center. Here, too, is the motherhouse of the Maryknoll Sisters.

**THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE**, at Clark's Summit, near Scranton, Pa., admits to a five-year classical course foreign mission aspirants who have completed the eight grammar grades. Connected with this institution is a group of the Maryknoll Sisters. Their convent is dedicated to Our Lady of the Missions.

**THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS** have worked with the Society from the beginning, first as lay helpers and now as recognized religious. These sisters devote themselves exclusively to work for foreign missions. (For further information, address: The Mother Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.)

**THE MARYKNOLL MEDICAL BUREAU**, at 410 East 57th St., New York, was started in 1920 to interest the medical profession in mission needs, to secure the services of physicians and nurses, and to provide medical supplies for hospitals and dispensaries in the mission. Here, also, is the city office of Maryknoll.

**THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE** in San Francisco, Calif., at 1911 Van Ness Ave., is the center of Maryknoll activities on the Western Coast and the depot of supplies for the missionaries in China. It is also the headquarters of the *Maryknoll Society of the Pacific*.

**THE MARYKNOLL JAPANESE MISSIONS**, at 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., and 507 17th Ave., Seattle, Wash., are conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, for the education and religious instruction of the Japanese in those cities.

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For further information address: The Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y.

## IN CHINA

**A MISSION** of 25,000 square miles in South China has been assigned to the Maryknoll Society by the Sacred College of Propaganda Fide, Rome. The first band of Maryknoll priests left for this field in September, 1918. There are now seventeen priests and two auxiliary brothers in the Maryknoll Mission. A second mission field as large as that in Kwangtung has recently been set apart for Maryknoll in Kwangsi. In the fall of 1921 the first mission group of Maryknoll Sisters arrived at their Chinese convent, 19 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong; a second group of six left for China, October 3, 1922.

**THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE** is the center of communications and supplies for the various mission stations at Wuchow, Yeungkong, Tungchan, Kochow, Loting, Chiklung, Tungon, and Pingnam, in the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. The post office address of the Procure is: Box 595, Hongkong.

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY

**THE** work of the Society is maintained and developed by the cooperation of its associate members. For these members, weekly Masses are offered by the priests, and they are remembered at the communions and other prayers of the students and sisters. The same spiritual benefits may, if desired, be applied to departed souls.

Associate Membership in the Society, with a personal share in its good works and merits, is secured by all benefactors and by subscribers to *The Field Afar*. Associate membership for one year is fifty cents; in perpetuity, fifty dollars, payable on enrollment or within two years.

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Under the sanctuary of the great Basilica of the Nativity, and reached by a flight of steps, is the grotto—the traditional spot where Our Lord was born. Few sanctuaries in Palestine have in their favor a tradition so ancient and so uninterrupted as this, and the devout Christian may feel perfectly satisfied here, that his eyes are resting on the veritable birthplace of his Redeemer. A silver star embedded in the pavement bears the thrilling inscription:

*"Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus natus est."*

## Around the Circle with the Superior of Maryknoll

OUR train left at one o'clock and our destination was Brixen, with a stopover at Meran—both in the Tyrol that once was Austrian. The names on the timetable were not familiar and it had taken some time to find out that *Bressano* and *Merano* were old friends in disguise.

In 1911, when returning from Rome, I had gone to Brixen for a short rest at *St. Joseph's Mission House*, a preparatory college for Mill Hill of England. On that occasion, I found the historic and picturesque city so attractive, and a somewhat wearied body so inactive, that, after two days, I decided to pitch my tent for a month under a mountain torrent, in the shadow of a water-healing establishment whose rule I followed with more or less scrupulous exactitude.

In that short month, with the combination of physical helps, delightful scenery, an interesting and devout people, and a real "homey" atmosphere at *St. Joseph's* (which I saw twice daily), Brixen got so deep into my heart that I have always wished to see it again.

Besides, it was not far from Germany and I had an idea of making some purchases of religious articles at Munich. And finally, on the way to Brixen was Meran, and at Obermais there had been awaiting any Maryknoller a very precious gift—nothing less than a relic of the True Cross, together with a fragment of thorn from the Sacred Crown of the Crucified.

With this trip over, we should have only Rome "to conquer"—followed by a rapid flight to Paris, England, and home. We knew that our chances of seeing the Holy Father would be better the longer we waited, and the North of Italy trip filled some days very nicely.

We were at Venice that night, and might have had raw February weather. Conditions, however, were quite ideal, and, *Fr. Kay*, who was getting his first squint at the Adriatic Queen, revelled in the cushions of a funereal-looking gondola and he almost fell asleep under the rhythmic splash of

the boatman's paddle as we swept along the quiet canals, after leaving our train.

An altercation with the gondolier woke him up, after we had bumped into a landing near the piazza of St. Mark. There was nobody to meet us in Venice except a hotel clerk, who, after looking us over, decided to provide us with the necessities of life for the next fourteen hours.

Next morning, we said Mass in St. Mark's, *Fr. Kay* officiating at the high altar, where I recalled having seen Pope Pius X celebrating on the Feast of the Assumption in 1903, when he was Patriarch of Venice. The Basilica, a mosaic poem, is as beautiful as ever. We explored it for a while, and, later, after breakfast, crossed the piazza, visited the Doge's Palace, and found time to look up a few special points of interest.

Then shortly after lunch, we stepped gingerly into another gondola. *Père Kay* waved his hand majestically towards the Rialto (awakening, as he did so, the suspicion of a swarthy policeman) and, in another half-hour, we were on a train speeding westward to Verona. It was a short run—a few hours—but we nearly snapped our heartstrings running for another train, that pulled out a half-hour ahead of schedule, and, after going two miles, waited for an hour! We had about six hours of a ride to Brixen, and the after-war conditions were not altogether comfortable, but we solaced ourselves with the thought that a good friend, *Fr. Sparder*, Rector of *St. Joseph's Mission House*, would be awaiting us with a warm welcome and that we should be under his roof by ten o'clock.

At that hour, however, we had reached only Meran, about three-fourths of the distance, and here we were unceremoniously ordered out of the train. A strike in Germany had done us this turn, and Meran had to be our resting place for the night. Fortunately, we carried some Italian money, so that a near by hotel accom-

modated us with a couple of rooms and a few sticks of wood—also eatables.

I don't know when I shivered so much as I did at Mass the next morning. The church was a dignified and well-built edifice, but fuel was out of the question, as it doubtless will be for years to come.

We were now at a most convenient junction for a visit to our friend in Obermais, which we reached by train in less than two hours. Were it not for the recollection of war horrors, with broken family circles and aching hearts, and with destruction and illness actually in their train, I should have been disposed to envy those who can cast their lines in such restful places as dot mountain sides and valleys of the Tyrol.

Our friend, too, had suffered. An American lady married to an Austrian, deceased these several years, Baroness von Hoffman has met with severe losses that would have broken her were she not sustained by a strong faith—and possessed of a heart overflowing with her charity of Christ.

We found her chairridden and venerable, but mentally keen and deeply interested in the development of Maryknoll. Our stay was limited to only a few hours, but it was enjoyable and inspiring.

The treasure which Baroness von Hoffman placed on our hands when leaving had been hers for many years—and was a gift from Cardinal Ferrata. The precious splinter from the Crown of Thorns came presumably from *La Sainte Chapelle* in Paris, where at one time Cardinal Ferrata was Nuncio.

The relics are encircled with pearls and finely mounted on cloth of gold. Maryknoll will be spiritually enriched by this treasure, for which Maryknollers to come will thank the Baroness von Hoffman.

In her staid coupé, we went down to Untermais for a brief but very pleasant visit with Mr. John L. Stoddard—the retired lecturer whose travelogues are, even today, the delight of

thousands, as were his lectures a short generation ago.

We found Mr. Stoddard a stanch Catholic, full of quiet zeal and profoundly thankful for the grace of conversion. He loves the simple people among whom he lives. Their faith and endurance under trial were strong influences in the course of his turning to God.

That night, Tuesday, we reached Brixen and found our friends at the station—a little saddened of countenance by their war trials, but smiling a welcome.

It was good to get back to Brixen, even in February, and the towering mountains closed us in with a feeling of coziness which was emphasized by some heat in the college radiators.

Here we learned that to dip into Germany, we must get a passport *visa* at Milan, and we gave up the idea.

This made it possible for us to prolong, by a day, our visit to Brixen, where we drove bargains with a volatile artist, and patronized, as much as we dared, an aged woodcarver who had genius, but lacked clients.

Brixen was restful and we left it reluctantly. Our friends had been most hospitable, in spite of their poverty. I knew that they had been down to the bottom of the bread-basket and that pennies were being counted very carefully. Poor Brixen! And poorer Austria!

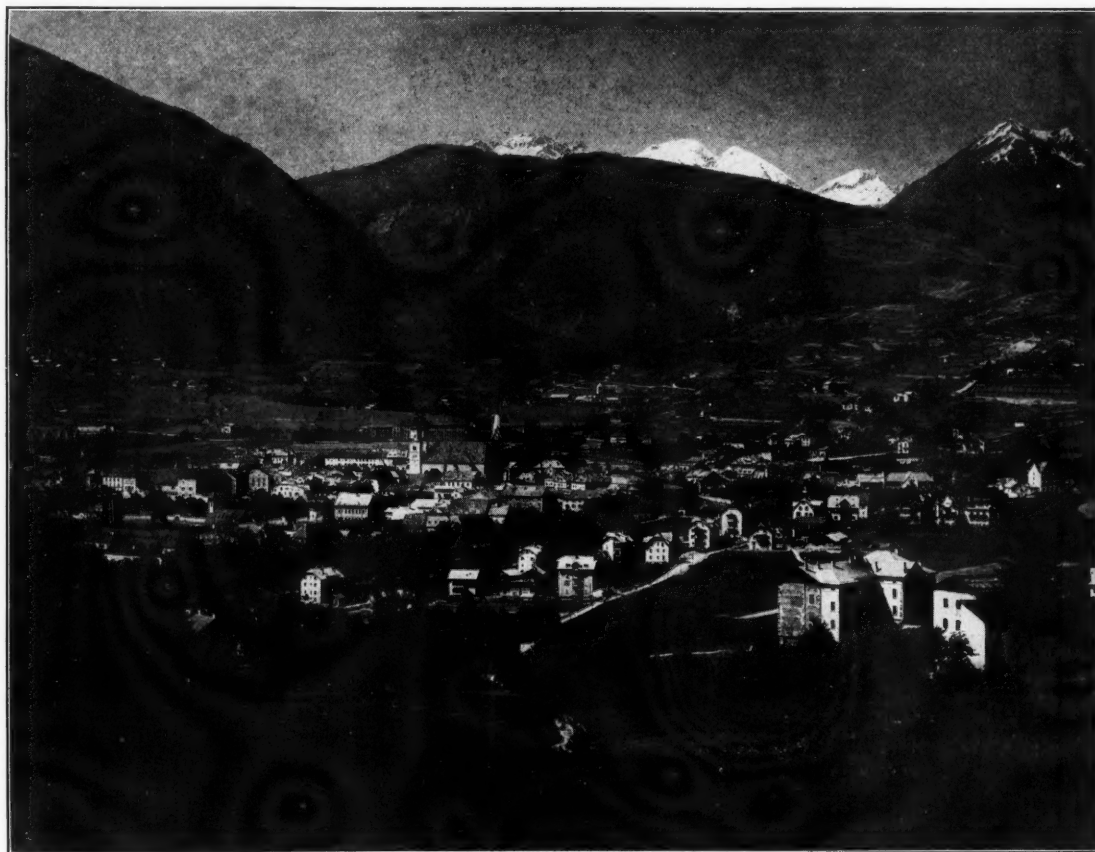
At the little bank across the street from the Mission House, I bought, as a souvenir, a 5000 kronen bill. It looked fine; its engraving was excel-

lent, but its value in American money was not far from ninety cents. Later, I learned that this little bank had failed and had swept away with it a much needed balance deposited by St. Joseph's Mission House.

We came away from Brixen with a desire to do something, if we could, for St. Joseph's. Even yet, I can see the young faces of its future apostles, who read to us in a half-a-dozen different languages their messages of good will and Godspeed.

With us, it is always *Ave* and *Vale*. And so must it be, perhaps, to the end of the road that lies beyond this circle of hills.

We were back again in Verona Friday afternoon, lunched at the dingy



*It was good to get back to Brixen, even in February, and the towering mountains closed us in with a feeling of coziness.*

station, and found places in another crowded train bound for Bologna. Towards the end of this ride, we met a professor from Bologna, a bright Italian priest, who seemed to have a surprisingly good knowledge of things ecclesiastical in our own home land.

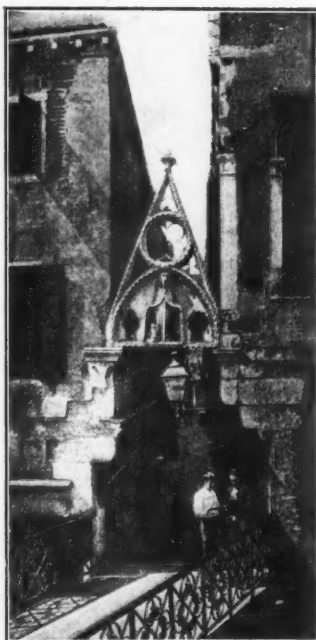
We left him at the railway station, ploughed through mud, across the street to a small hotel, and arranged for so early a start next morning that we saw very little of Bologna, except the inside of one church, some lengths of arched sidewalks, and—don't misjudge us—a small saloon the only place open for a cup of coffee and a roll. There was not even a cold sausage in sight—and that in Bologna!

Our next stop-over was at Florence, and neither weather nor time favored us, but from the middle of the afternoon until the next noon, while the rain poured and our eyes were open, we filled them with the bewildering succession of paintings that Florence presents to the world. The Belle Arte, the Convent of St. Mark, the Pitti and Uffizi—through the galleries we sped, and over to the great Cathedral and the Baptistry. We had a genuine rest that night, and prepared for it by taking a real bath, for which we were devoutly thankful.

From the moment the door of the great galleries opened on Sunday morning, after our Masses, we kept moving through the endless halls and along the corridors that cross the Arno in the Ponte Vecchio; and when we issued at noon into the daylight, we were almost dizzy from the dazzle of masterpieces.

If Italy is poor, why not dispose of some of these treasures so that they can be seen by thousands to whom Italian culture means nothing? Italy's light could shine before men, were some of those great paintings transferred to a new country like America, and all would be the gainers. I said this to an Italian, but he shook his head: "They are too good to lose. We want them for ourselves." And so they stay crowded in their corners and limited in their usefulness.

At one o'clock, we took our train for Rome. It was crowded, and much



PONTE PARADISO, VENICE.

of the time we found it more convenient to stand in the corridor that runs the length of the car.

Some madams of the Sacred Heart were doing likewise, and among these I found one, at least, who for years had been dreaming of foreign missions. Every community seems to be blessed with such souls, the leaven of the apostolate.

We reached Rome late that night—too late to look up friends, and so we turned into the Hotel Minerva, next to the Dominican Church where, early on Monday, we offered the Holy Sacrifice, and then took bearings.

So far as we knew, nobody in Rome had dusted spare rooms for us, and we drifted to *San Silvestro in Capite*, the English Church directed by the Pallottini Fathers, with whom, in 1911, Father Price and I had stayed during the greater portion of a month.

But times had changed. The rector, a stranger, whom we met in the church, informed us that his establishment was no longer a hostel, hence we took to the sidewalk without more ado.

I then realized that I should look for mail at the Procure of an old

stand-by—the Paris Seminary—where I found expectant friends and a pile of mail set out "on the desk in your room." It was home again, although only a flat in the *via Santa Susanna*.

The French Fathers were, in fact, about to move into their own house, newly acquired, and regretted that they could not provide for my companion, whom we soon located very comfortably, around the block, next to a radiator.

Two days later, when we presented ourselves at the *Collegio Angelico*, the fatherly General of the Dominicans chided us for not having knocked first at his door, and, as there was accommodation for two, we both transferred our effects, staying there in the *via S. Vitale* during the remainder of our visit to Rome.

When we reached the Procure that Monday morning of our arrival, the Superior, Fr. Garnier, informed me that I was due for an audience with Cardinal Van Rossum in the afternoon at five o'clock. This was good news, and proved to be exceptionally such because His Eminence began his annual retreat the following day, and I could not have seen him for more than a week.

The eminent Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda is a Redemptorist. "Excellent," "capable," "very pious," "deeply interested in missions," "austere and cold"—these were some of the qualifications ringing in my ears from remarks dropped at home and abroad and I wondered what would be my own impressions.

The waiting rooms were not too warm in that Propaganda apartment, and I refused an invitation to take off my overcoat. It was just as well, because several bishops passed me by in turn, a privilege which the fullness of the priesthood gives over us who have the lesser share. I had an opportunity, however, to talk with Fr. Diehmans, the Cardinal's Secretary, who reads *THE FIELD AFAR* from "cover to cover" more or less, and has written some kind letters back to the Knoll.

At last, my turn came and I found myself on the little red sofa where Cardinal's visitors are usually placed,



and the atmosphere was so cheerful and warm that I wanted to take off my coat and perhaps should have done so had I not feared that His Eminence would think I expected to spend the night there.

Cardinal Van Rossum was more than gracious, and, in the three-quarters of an hour which he gave me, I was confirmed—if confirmation were at all needed—in the conviction that, so far, at least, Rome is satisfied with the work of Maryknollers, and gives to the young Society a generous measure of confidence.

In the course of this conversation, His Eminence at one point said feelingly, "*Maryknoll is the Glory of the American Church.*" Precious words! We treasured them months without announcing them, but they were too good to keep. If American Catholics could be persuaded that Maryknoll and other American mission enterprises are bringing back graces to parishes and individuals, the evangelization of the world should be far advanced before the close of the twentieth century.

I thought of this as I left the Propaganda that evening—encouraged to continue a grind that has been constant for eighteen years, and already well rewarded, thanks to the good will of American priests and people meeting the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

The next morning, as I had matters to take up with the Propaganda, I went down early to the *Piazza di Spagna* and was soon closeted with Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi. I had known His Excellency by correspondence when he was Apostolic Delegate to Japan, a country he was loath to leave and where his departure was universally regretted.

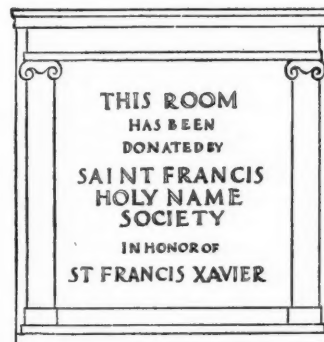
Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi's experience as Delegate, not only in Japan but also in India, makes him an ideal man for the position he occupies, although it is said that his predecessor, now Cardinal Laurenti, who has never seen the missions, had and keeps a remarkably precise and wide knowledge of them.

Personal contact, however, has de-

cided advantages, and perhaps one of these days, when the Sacred Congregation can be properly backed by the wherewithal, the mission cause will be benefitted by the visits of Propaganda officials to the heart of heathendom.

On a later visit to Propaganda, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi brought me through the offices. Several men, priests and others, were quietly engaged at work in the various rooms, but I missed the song of the typewriters, the hum of the stencil maker, the clatter of multigraphs, the clack of adding machines, not to mention the sight of two score of sisters, who, over on the Westchester hill tops, would that day be calmly guiding such little engines of labor in their consecrated service to the world-wide propaganda.

I wondered if sisters would ever be doing the clerical work for our Roman Congregation, and I admitted to myself that if they had not been giving this intelligent cooperation to Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America would be consid-



erably behind its present stage of progress.

Having finished affairs as far as I could at Propaganda, our preoccupation was to see the Holy Father as soon as possible, and turn again Westward for the run home.

An application for a private audience had been presented through Propaganda, but as only two short weeks had elapsed since the election, our hopes were not bright.



PALAZZO DELLA PROPAGANDA, ROME.

Here is the heart of Catholic Missions throughout the world. This building will, we presume, include the administration offices of the projected Universal Mission Aid Society, over which Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi will preside.

### At Home and Abroad.

THE body of St. Francis Xavier, still incorrupt after three centuries, will be exposed for public veneration at Goa, India, from December 3 to the end of the month. The last public exposition was in 1910.

Little Rock College, of Little Rock, Arkansas, will soon be a familiar name in South China, where, by the way, one of its former teachers is now a missionary. The College is now educating a Chinese student and has generously asked for another.

The city of Turin, Italy, and the cause of missions recently met a great loss by the death of Canon Giacomo Camisassa, one of the founders and Vice Superior General of the Missioners of the Consolata.

Canon Camisassa was revered by all who knew him, and we ask a prayer for his soul.

THE new Director of the Holy Childhood Association is the Canon Eugene Merio, of Rouen, France. The general office of this society continues to be in Paris, but its council has representation from the United States, England, Ireland, France, Germany, and Austria. Last year the United States led in contributions.

A friend of Maryknoll was the late Sister M. Pauline who died at the motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity, Convent Station, New Jersey. Sister Pauline founded the College of St. Elizabeth in 1899 and she was the first President. Prior to the opening of the college, Sister Pauline was, for forty-four years, the Directress of the Academy of St. Elizabeth.

The Society of the Divine Word, which has its center at Steyl, Holland; with an American

See that your Mite Box is gaining weight.

branch at Techny, Illinois, has been invited by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, to open a house of studies in the Archdiocese of Boston. This will prove a center in the East for this great German Society which has already met with much and well-deserved success in this country.

The latest missionary, *Volume 1., No. 1.*, is a good-looking magazine called *Mariannhill Missionary*, published in Detroit, by the Mariannhill Foreign Mission Fathers. This magazine is a monthly and the subscription price is \$3 a year. It appears to be devoted to the African missions.

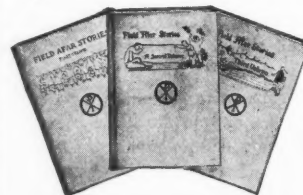
The Mariannhill Fathers are a European foundation and have done excellent work in the Dark Continent.

THERE have been many instances reported where the bandits, who are the scourge of China at the present time, have shown a certain amount of respect for missionaries. But this respect does not seem to extend to priests of their own race, for, no later than last fall, a young Chinese priest and three Christians who were with him met death at their hands.

Despite the troubled condition of the region, Fr. Louis Tsin, of the Province of Kwangsi, set out on a visitation. In the last message which Bishop Ducoeur received from him, he acknowledged that there was danger both from bandits and from disbanded soldiers, but he added that, with the help of God, there was nothing to fear.

A short distance out of a village where they had stopped to refresh themselves, Fr. Tsin and his companions were attacked by two hundred bandits. This was on the first of the month. News reached the bishop on the sixth that his priest was a captive. The civil and military authorities promised to secure information,

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THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

but none was forthcoming. At length, towards the end of the month, Bishop Ducoeur was informed by a Chinese Christian that Fr. Tsin had been massacred. His catechist, his servant, and a little altar boy, had shared his fate. So great was the fear inspired by the bandits, that none dared to search for the bodies in the hills where the murder took place. This Chinese priest, who in our own times suffered martyrdom and laid down his life for his people, was the hope of the Kwangsi Province and his loss was a severe trial for the bishop.

Bishop Ducoeur, however, who is always brave and properly resigned, hopes and believes that Fr. Tsin's death will relieve the poverty of the Kwangsi mission, which is today one of the most destitute—of men and means—in the entire mission field.

## MARYKNOLL IN THE MISSION FIELD.

IT is strange how time will sometimes confirm a traveler's tales. Marco Polo was politely disbelieved for centuries, and now, champions come forth in his defense.

I was in a similar predicament until recently. My first year here, we had a typhoon at Yeungkong. I was the only white man living to tell the tale, and I have a fondness for the picturesque; so I found the newcomers

smiling at my *Night of the Big Wind*.

But now in my fourth year, we had another typhoon, and the very house which had been blown down before and rebuilt into our Old Folks' Home toppled down again, with serious damage to one old lady.

I left Yeungkong a week ago to visit Chiklung, the first visit since Fr. Hodgin's death. The weather was hot and dry, for this season, until the

tropical typhoon hit us at midnight.

The Chiklung house is hardly a few months built and I feared for the plaster. Windows and doors were hurriedly locked, but the torrential rain penetrated every crack and formed great pools on the floors. Boats on the river were dismantled and driven up on shore, and the owners hastened to quit them. Daybreak was an eye opener. Where fields of grain had



THE YEUNGKONG CHAPEL.

*The sanctuary rail and pews, made by Bro. Albert, are the gift of a New York City priest.*

been drying yesterday was now a lake, or rather a river; the streets of the town were canals and I saw a raft of wooden shoes from the bootshop across the way float down the street; logs, from a shipbuilder's got under way and cruised through the town; and even some birds that never swam before passed by. Our mission is the only house in town that was not flooded. The river always at our back door came up to the top step, but did not enter. In five days, the water subsided enough to allow our return to Yeungkong, but, had I been pilot, the boat would have fared ill, for all the landmarks were changed. Formerly, we docked a quarter mile from shore and poled our way in by sampan; now, we gaily sailed into town and up to a near by hill. Then, what had been a pleasant walk was done in boats. I recognized the roof of a wayside inn, but I was fasting for Mass, and so we did not stop to investigate. A temple, in other weather rather majestic, perched on a hill, was now a modest low affair against which we swirled in the current. We rowed among the branches of banyan trees, over graves and walls, in a bee line—instead of walking the winding paths of last week.

As we neared Yeungkong, the effects were worse. The river was higher

and stronger, and whole villages were submerged; shops had fallen in, and the dwellers had taken to boats piled high with furniture and pigs. We rowed up the narrow Main Street until the jam of sampans made further progress impossible. When hundreds try to navigate the alleys without a traffic cop in sight, the case is hopeless. The jammed sampans made a pontoon bridge and we skipped from one to the other to shallow water and we were home at 11.50 and in time for Mass.

The mission at Yeungkong is, with the exception of the city wall, almost the only dry spot in town, and so we suffered nothing from the flood. But the typhoon had its innings. It blew down corners here; and there and revealed weaknesses in beams which, like whitened sepulchres, were liked without and were full of live white ants within. Our Old Folks' Home bore the brunt of our defense. Two rooms completely crumbled in, and crushed the leg of an old grandmother; the wall around the compound, newly built last year, lay down in neat fragments—and the only evidence that it was ever a wall is the receipt for \$150 in my desk.

Others fared worse. At least fifty houses within the city were blown down, and the damage in the villages is

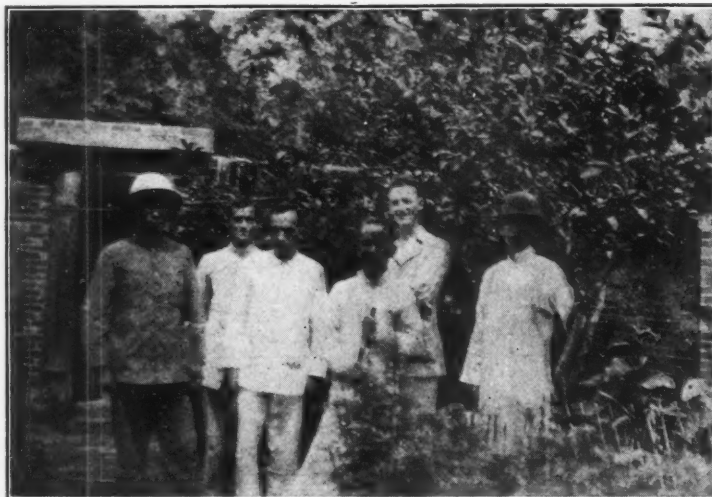
not yet fully known. One village near by, had one hundred killed by the falling houses. Unfortunately, the typhoon struck at midnight and the sleeping villagers were unable to escape. In Yeungkong city, the deaths were more by drowning than falling roofs, as the waterfront was lined with flimsy dwellings which were washed away.

The typhoon came at a bad time. Rice had been rising in price just before the harvest and this crop was eagerly expected to increase the supply. Most of the rice had been cut and stacked, ready to be threshed; but the five days' flood wrought havoc with it.

On top of this, communications with Canton have stopped while the civil war is being fought, although boatloads of soldiers, numbering several thousands, are landing in the city to help consume the scanty stores that are left. Rice will soon go sky high in consequence. These soldiers belong neither to Chan Kwing Ming nor Sun Yat Sen, but are "Independents." That is all the information the newspapers give us; but it is enough.

I hope the sky will soon clear, else it will delay the coming of the sisters to Yeungkong. The convent is going up steadily, and, at present, we have enough bricks and cement to last for half the building; but further supplies must be got from Canton.

Did I tell you I could not buy that fine site for the convent I used to rave about? For six months, we dickered about the price and finally agreed on \$1500. The day the contract was to be drawn up, some conscientious objectors among the pagan owners refused to sell, as the site would be used for a Catholic church. They suggested a novel subterfuge; they would sell the land to a Buddhist monastery that apparently had no qualms in turning it over to us. We agreed on this. The Buddhists, however, were willing to lease the ground, but not to sell it to us; and without a clear title to the land we thought it too venturesome to build a convent and schools on it. So the deal fell through. That was the fourteenth or so site we had bargained for, unsuccessfully, during the past eight months.



THREE MARYKNOLLERS AND THEIR "PRIVATE SECRETARIES."





*From this window, the late Father Hodgins got many of his early impressions of China.*

We had some land already bought, not so desirable and hardly large enough, but we hastened to buy adjoining property and commenced the convent foundation on St. Paul's day. The new site is opposite the mission compound and up the street, and when complete will have room for compact orphanage and girls' school and Old Folk's Home, besides a small garden around the convent. The buildings will be built as gifts come in for them, though we can't wait for that for the convent, but must trust to loans. There is a well on the property and a stagnant pond behind it, but we are filling up the latter with the excavation of the new building.

The fall will be busy enough for this year. It is every year. The opening of the school term with its rehiring of teachers and substituting for those who discontinued with us; the establishing of new schools in other towns, and the general shakeup the whole system is given after the prostration of the summer heat, combine to make our days short. Added to this, is the difficult matter of leaving the plant to run along during our retreat. This year's activities will chronicle also the

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**Get Christmas cheer to your absent one. Send him *The Field Afar*.**

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coming of the sisters, the transfer of the girls' school, orphanage, and Old Folk's Home to the convent compound, and the redistribution of our boys' school over the rooms vacated by the women and girls. It is a typical Maryknoll annual removal that shows a healthy growth, and it insures, at least, an annual cleaning up of accumulated rubbish—Chinese at that, which is the last word in superlative uselessness.

The last six months, then, have very little to show for the energy put forth. Buying property is nine-tenths bargaining, and it is only the final written contract that survives. I was kept close to homebase in consequence, and, except for two trips north and three to Chiklung, the villages were necessarily untouched. Two more trips after retreat will enable me to cover about one-half the usual stations, and with that, we must be satisfied.

There has been nothing new started during the past six months, except the opening of one new station that has not showed much life as yet. The Chiklung mission was separated from that of Yeungkong and a promising beginning made in the town of Chiklung. There are about thirty under instruction—all townsfolk—where formerly one solitary Catholic lived. At Cheung-tin-nam, St. Peter's chapel, the gift of the parents of a Teresian, was built and informally opened.

But the various works so hurriedly started last year have been put on a more solid basis and run more smoothly now. The Old Folk's Home, after the death of our one sexagenarian, was restricted to septuagenarians, and twenty are happily settled for life. The orphanage records 211 dying babies baptized in the last six months, and six blind girls admitted. The schools all show increases both in students and in applications for Baptism, and insure the religious instruction of our growing Catholic boys—which in itself justifies their existence.

Four of our Catholic boys are ready for entrance into a Catholic High School, if we had one, but, as it is, they will attend the Government High School, and lodge at the mission. This

#### MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA NEEDS

<b>\$10,000</b>	for a complete establishment.
<b>\$5,000</b>	for land to serve as a center.
<b>\$3,000</b>	for a catechist bursar.
<b>\$1,500</b>	for a native-student bursar.
<b>\$1,500</b>	for a small dispensary.
<b>\$1,000</b>	for schools (boys' or girls').
<b>\$1,000</b>	for a priests' house.
<b>\$1,000</b>	for a chapel in good brick.
<b>\$500</b>	for a chapel in mud-brick.
<b>\$500</b>	for outfit and travel expenses of a priest to Asia.
<b>\$500</b>	for outfit and travel expenses of a sister to Asia.
<b>\$300</b>	for the personal support of one missionary for a year.
<b>\$100</b>	for the yearly travel expenses of one missionary.
<b>\$180</b>	for the year's support of a catechist.
<b>\$100</b>	for the year's support of a native student.
<b>\$15</b>	for month's support of a catechist.
<b>\$1</b>	for a day's support of a missionary.

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is the best solution possible, at present, and it keeps the young men here for our nightly sermon and daily Communion, thus counteracting the influence of pagan classmates during school hours.

Our health, finally, remains good, thank God. Fr. Taggart is happy at his Chinese lessons and the care of the orphanage and the school, while Bro. Albert finds time, along with hard study, to carve two new altars and sanctuary rails, that will be as simple, and chaste, and solid, as any in China.

By the way, our chapel will be unique, or almost so, in having its complete equipment—aside from the chalice and missal—made right here in Yeungkong. Bricks, lime, wood, tile, altar, sanctuary rail, vestments, altar cloths, candles, candlesticks and altar breads were made locally—at prices that would startle Barclay Street. Our antependia and Gothic vestments are surprisingly beautiful in a manly way, without gold fringes or filigree. With the few but fresh flowers, Fr. Taggart daily arranges on the altar, the chapel has lost much of its dinginess, and I find the Chinese appreciate its cool simplicity.

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**Get into your Mite Box the fruit of sacrifice and it will help the cause so much the more.**

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Fr. Dietz,  
of Oberlin, O.

**FOUR** Tung-chan women, our best catechist, and the other three catechist-material, left by raft for Kochow, where Fr. Meyer is opening a course for women catechists next Sunday. The first-

mentioned was formerly with the sisters in Canton, and later with Bishop Gauthier, and knows her doctrine to a tee. She has suffragist tendencies and I have heard her deliver pointed speeches to men negligent in their duties. And as for speed, she holds the record as far as my experience goes.

Fr. Paschang set out for Kochow this morning. He expects to make the forty miles by chair in one day, and if he does so, he will nurse a few aching bones tonight. Of all the means invented for travel-in-state, a chair is about the least comfortable, and grates on one's democratic sense. However, the Chinese don't look at it that way and are eager to make the money; so that by taking a chair, one really helps them to make a living.

Nothing unusual these days. Fr. Meehan some time ago reached his fourth book, "*Peep of Day*"—the goal of the first year of language study—and is now reading, in Chinese, Old Testament history. Now that my trip and the feast are over I, too, am going at my books with a vim, for this is the first opportunity I have had all year. I am studying the catechism and the daily prayers. The language of these is different from the ordinary spoken language, for ordinary things are said in a more elegant way—which necessitates learning new words and new characters. Besides these two branches, there exists, at least, one other, the classical; and this is reserved for the scholar and requires many years to master. The multiplicity of languages shading into one another is one thing which makes Chinese so hard.

If I speak, I use one word for "to be"; if I wish to write a book, I use another. If I speak, I say "happy" with two words; if I write, I use only one character. Then why learn the middle or book language? Because if one doesn't, he cannot read the simplest Chinese books. All of our prayer books and doctrine books are in that language, as well as the ordinary books and newspapers of the Chinese. To me, it seems that one cannot get into the inside of China until one reads its books and thinks its thoughts. I note that Fr. Farmer, the convert Methodist missionary of Kwangsi, after fifteen years of experience says: "*The missionary who reads and speaks Chinese intelligibly, beyond all doubt, has a better hold on the people.*" It's one of those "hard sayings"—hard, but, doubtless, true.

I have a vague recollection that it is said there once existed a man who died from overstudy. In that case, it behooves us to be careful; and so we have our recreations. Detective stories and Dickens afford interesting reading and diversion; so do the children.

Said Mass this morning in the house of a catechumen who has long wanted us to do so. His name is Mr. Far, but his home is near. Fr. Meehan baptized the oldest boy when he was in

danger of death a few weeks ago. The lad is now back at school.

Said Mass at the home of another catechumen, and played as doctor with a sick man there. A simple case of grippe, which seems quite common.

Tomorrow will be Corpus Christi and we have been practicing for the procession, the first to be held here, so far as I can discover. Had long gowns made for our seven altar boys. The boys were delighted, for never before had they been dressed as "literati." Their bare feet sticking out underneath made them appear incongruous; and their companions laughed more heartily than I have ever seen them laugh before. Also had a canopy made. The silk, trimmings, and work came to about six dollars in American money, but there is nothing "cheap-looking" about it. Most things, I believe, can be bought or made up more cheaply over here than in America. The chief exception is in the case of foreign goods which must be imported.

Had a caller today—a Mr. Yip, who spoke English. He declared himself a graduate of Queen's College, Hong-kong, and until recently a teacher of English in a Kwangsi town, whence he fled to escape the bandits who are now making free there. He wished to be tutored in Bible during our spare time.



Torrential rains, and the river keeps high. One could float to Kochow on a raft these days in less than twenty-four hours.

Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi. Fr. Meehan spent a good part of yesterday getting ready two temporary altars and decorating them with the flowers of the mission. The sky was threatening showers, but, as so often happens on Corpus Christi, when time came for the procession, the rain held off. Shortly afterward, it rained torrents. It was not a long procession, in point of either time or numbers, but it was the best Tungchan could offer, and we trust the good God was pleased with it. The boys—the idea of orderliness is quite foreign to the Chinese mind—had been diligently trained by their teacher and were all that could be desired. Probably they would have preferred a cymbal-and-drum racket, such as commonly accompanies pagan ceremonies; but perhaps the idea has found lodging in their little brains that the Lord is not in the whirlwind and can be worshipped with restraint in spirit and in truth. I believe it is not stretching the truth to say that the Chinese, one and all, are as fond of a racket as most of us are anxious to avoid it. Noise seems to have more charm for them than music.

Our head catechist gives two talks on doctrine daily—one to the women, and one to the boys and men. I began, today, to attend his lectures, with a view to ear-training.

Torrential rains and the river keeps high. One could float to Kochow on a raft these days in less than twenty-four hours.

Received as catechumens two Protestant teachers and preachers—Chinese. Our head catechist seems to have had some argument with them, floored them to their own satisfaction, and given them some Catholic books to read. One of them says he was offered a raise in salary if he continued in his old position, but had replied that not a thousand dollars would keep him from entering the true Church. Good, if true. This man is certainly an exception. It is difficult to picture a Chinese sneezing at a thousand. But no word is impossible with God.



*A typical raft navigating the shallow stream between Tungchan and Ko-chow. In many spots the river is only a foot deep.*

Today is also Sunday, and the spirit moved Paul to clean out his kitchen. Six days for work, but it seems that whenever possible, manual and dirty work is reserved for Sunday. The idea of a seven-day period finds no place whatever in Chinese life. Sunday is like every other day—a workday or a market day—and the Christians who are used to the old calendar and who cannot read the new find it difficult to keep track of the days.

Some time ago Bro. Isadore sent a set of colored pictures, about 18x30 inches, illustrating all of Christian Doctrine. They are gotten out by the *Bonne Presse* of Paris. Today the catechist began to use them and they seemed to carry much life into the instructions. There were some amusing incidents also. One woman wanted to know why the Ethiopian was black and if such people still existed. Another thought the picture of a sailboat was a bird on the wing.

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—*Lady Herbert.*

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### TERMS

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### TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

**B**EHOLD, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a SAVIOR, who is Christ the Lord.

To you, dear reader, these tidings have long ago been brought. Pity, in your heart, the many millions still ignorant of God's love; pray that those bringing the message of Christ to them may work long and fruitfully; do your own part in God's plan by taking some personal interest in the mission cause, and so, thrice blessed will you be in offering your pity, your prayer, and your help—as gold, frankincense and myrrh—to the tender Babe of Bethlehem.

✕ ✕

**A** JAPANESE present at the consecration of Bishop Schmucker in N. Shangtung, remarked, as he noted seven nationalities, "Only the Catholic Church could show such a spectacle of union among the nations." We of Maryknoll can line up seventeen nationalities and we like to emphasize the idea.

✕ ✕

**S**OMEBODY has sent us a report from the Seventh-day Adventists. We could not lose much time over it, but we learned

Five hundred dollars a year for ten years will make you a Maryknoll Founder.

that the membership of that body is a little less than 200,000, and that those among them who live in North America gave last year to foreign missions more than two million dollars—a per capita offering of \$21.65.

✕ ✕

**"H**OW do you get subscribers to the FIELD AFAR?" We are often asked the question, and our answer is, "Maryknollers themselves go out for many of them, and Maryknoll 'rooters' get after their friends and find more."

We have, however, very few priests to spare, so that our field is quite limited; but it will be of interest to state that during the brief summer holidays this year, students from Maryknoll, with the cooperation of kindly disposed parish priests, added no fewer than 27,000 to our gratifying list.

✕ ✕

**S**EMINARIANS are not, as a rule, spoiled with too much spending money, yet we have often remarked that out of their slender store, they seem always ready to give to any good cause at home or abroad.

At Maryknoll, too, there is an every-ready response that sometimes surprises the treasurer. Lately—and after subscribing a goodly sum in answer to the Holy Father's appeal for Russia—the seminarians' sacrifice box disclosed eighteen dollars. "Not much," you perhaps say. No, but it was the fruit gathered after a few weeks of numberless small sacrifices, and, with God, it doubtless meant more than thousands given by one who "would not miss it."

✕ ✕

**E**VERY time we see a copy of the *Holy Name Journal* or read an account of Holy Name activities, we recall a wise suggestion made by a very successful Holy Name Director: *If you want to keep up a Holy Name Society, find some definite object for any surplus resulting from members' dues.*

We know several priests who habitually follow this principle, and some of them have taken up the catechist idea with excellent results. The work of a catechist in foreign missions is explained, the amount needed for his support announced, and a correspondence established with the missionary who is thus enabled to secure the services of an extra catechist, while his benefactors' zeal and faith are strengthened.

✕ ✕

**T**HE European calls the Turk unspeakable, the Turk probably considers the European unmentionable. There are usually two sides to every question, but it is not common to find both correct. The Turk is a pagan at heart, if not in dogma. He may not be an "intellectual" pagan, but, what is worse, pagan sentiments rule his will and conduct. Unlike other pagan nations, he has contributed nothing to the progress of the world; his greatest happiness lies in desecrating or destroying. If we are tempted to loathe or bitterly condemn, let us recall that on the cross, Christ's arms are stretched out to them as well as to us; that their souls are also in God's image and likeness. Have the Turks, as a nation, and in view of their inherited customs and prejudices, offended worse than we, as individuals, with Christian training and culture? In that we do not happen to be Turks, are we "thereby justified"?

**A** NOTED Protestant divine, according to current news, has made a final protest, and that against his protesting brethren. He has rejected all dogma (save that of his rejection); he concludes that Christ is not divine, and that religion is but myth and superstition.

Scientists tell us there is such a thing as reversion to type.

At one dollar a year each, you can easily send *The Field Afar* to several friends.



Years and years ago, the ancestors of this clergyman were probably pagan. He has simply reverted to type.

If we pity in our hearts one who abandons what religion he has, how much the greater claim upon our sympathy should they make who are not forsaking a once-cherished treasure, but who, in their ignorance, have never dreamed of its existence; and who, moreover, when once in possession, have abundantly proved their purpose of retaining, even at the cost of their life blood.

It's a queer world. One man surrenders as useless what thousands retain in face of death. Whose viewpoint is most likely to be correct?

✕ ✕

WITH the acceptance from Rome of a mission in Korea, it will be quite necessary, as the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has indicated, to establish a Maryknoll center in Japan. This, together with the fact that Korea is under Japanese rule, makes timely a brief résumé of the Church's activities among the Japanese.

Every interested Catholic reader should keep these facts in mind:

1. *St. Francis Xavier was Japan's first apostle.* He went there in 1549 and learned to love the people because of their fervor.

2. *Fifty years later there were 300,000 Christians in Japan,* many of them belonging to noble families. A few went even to Rome as ambassadors.

3. *This splendid beginning was followed by a terrible persecution* in which missionaries and thousands of Christians were slain. Others were exiled, so that by the middle of the century (seventeenth), Christianity appeared to have been wiped out.

4. *Then came something most remarkable. After ten and a half centuries, it was found that, without priests or altars, some thousands had kept the faith,* so that when, in 1861, missionaries were



*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.—St. John, 1, 14.*

finally admitted to Japan, they found the descendants of martyrs and confessors.

✕ ✕

TO a teacher who was contemplating devoting her life to foreign mission work, a friend said, "What a tremendous sacrifice you are making!"

Some there are, no doubt, to whom this might appear to be the case, for was she not giving up a fine salary, friendships tested and found steadfast, attractive and legitimate pleasures, the devotion of her family, and, last of all, success? And for what? Poverty, a home among perfect strangers, seclusion, the disapproval of those nearest to her, and a possible exile among lowly pagans.

Such, however, was far from the recompense which the light of grace made clear to her. The poverty meant only freedom from many trying worries; the abode among strangers would be a life's union with those who had for their ideal hers—the spreading of God's kingdom; in the seclusion, she saw time and opportunity to become a more intimate and

dearer friend of Christ; the displeasure of some would be compensated by the prayers of many, who knew the greatness of the work. Lastly, for the exile and lowliness, which were to replace the world's commendation, she hoped that one day she would hear from her Heavenly Father that praise which might well be her joy for all eternity, "Thou hast glorified My name before men."

✕ ✕

MAY the charity of Christ possess your hearts, and may His peace abide with you forever! Many generous-minded Catholics can extend to the missions no other help than that of prayer, or a "good word for the cause." These, if whole-souled, may yield much more fruit than substantial donations.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and though the words are not from a Catholic writer, they express a Catholic sentiment.

Because the answer to our prayers is not apparent to our eye, or perhaps does not come in the form for which we asked, we are inclined to consider our petitions unheard, and to lose, if not confidence in God's word, at least, a keen appreciation of the missionary's most urgent need—prayer and prayer and prayer. He has, indeed, material wants; he must minister to the body; he must also erect and maintain orphanages and schools; he must build churches. Yet all of these avail naught for conversions without a special grace of God—a grace that answers our prayers for the missionary's fold.

As constancy is the proof of love, let us not raise an enthusiastic but short-lived barrage of petitions to our Father in Heaven, but resolve upon a few simple prayers that will be faithfully said every day of our lives. So may a vocation be inspired, a missionary strengthened, a pagan soul won to the Cross!

THE FIELD AFAR stays at one dollar a year.



SNOW had fallen on Martha's Vineyard. It was going to be a real Christmas for the islanders. A small group stood on the wharf looking out to where the lights of the steamer were already visible through the early dusk. Among them was a slip of a girl in a red tam o'shanter, partially concealing wind-swept golden hair. Joy shone in her eyes—joy of a kind that was in perfect keeping with the season.

Anastasia Jeannin knew that this Christmas was going to be happier than all the others. Her brother, Edward, was coming home to take over her father's business, and her time of waiting was over. Anastasia's parents had come from France to settle here and she resembled a very fine type that is found in Breton seaports or villages. When the girls at school pitied Anastasia because she had to stay at home and help her parents, they were astonished to find that she did not desire a "career." They did not know her secret. Ever since she could remember, Anastasia had longed to become a nun. She had an aunt in a convent in Brittany, and her mother told her many stories of convent life. In the secret of her own heart, she resolved to keep always before her the thought that one day she would be a consecrated spouse of Christ. Her brother, Edward, was two years older than herself. He had been educated and had received a business training on the mainland. Now he would stay

at home and she would be free.

Anastasia wondered how Edward would feel about her secret. She was going to tell him now, before they reached home, before any one else knew. She loved Edward more than any other human being, and knew that her love was returned. Probably he would mind her going so far away, for her goal was the foreign missions. Little home-loving body that she was, her valiant soul had heard the cry of those who sit in pagan darkness and in the shadow of death, and she did not hesitate. Three years ago, when she was fifteen, the pastor of the island church had given her a copy of a mission magazine, called *THE FIELD AFAR*. Anastasia read it from cover to cover. She went to the little church, and, kneeling before the Tabernacle, prayed: "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." Since that day, her heart was at Maryknoll, on "Sunset Hill," among the Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic.

When the steamer reached the wharf, she saw Edward at once. He looked well and very happy. It did not take them long to get away from the glare and the noise into the quiet of the snowy night.

"Come around the long way," said Anastasia, "and we can stop in at the church."

"Right you are," answered her brother, "and all the more so, as I have something to tell you."

Anastasia looked up at him to

see whether it was good news or bad. But his face was turned toward the ocean.

"Father and mother will probably be greatly surprised," he said, "but you will understand. Last autumn, one of my friends in New York asked me to take a trip with him. He was going up to a place on the Hudson to say good-bye to an old classmate. This classmate was now a priest, a foreign missionary, and he was leaving for China. At first I sort of hesitated, because I had never been around priests very much, but in the end I went. As soon as I climbed the hilltop and saw the place called Maryknoll, I felt that here was something different from anything I had ever known. We did not meet Fr. S., my friend's classmate, at once, but one of the seminarians took us around. I never saw such a happy crowd as those seminarians; and the sisters we met, all had the same joy in their faces. It seemed most unnatural to me when I considered they had left everything and were bound for exile. We went for a walk up the road with some of the seminarians. I looked at the Hudson and its Palisades and at the Maryknoll buildings in their setting of green—and I did some hard thinking."

Anastasia touched her brother's hand and her voice trembled as she asked, "Was our Lady's statue very beautiful, the Lady of the Knoll?"

Edward looked at her in sur-

prise. "Very," he answered, "but how did you know, Anastasia?"

She did not reply, and the young man, being full of his subject, continued: "When we came back, they took us to the chapel and I saw the martyrs' shrine. And, Anastasia, about all those martyrs were French. I prayed a long time in front of that shrine, and my ambitions began to seem foolish. Théophile Vénard and Just de Bretenières called to me with the voice of my own people. When evening came, and the missionaries said good-by to all they had loved on earth, at the outset of their long journey, I knelt for their blessing, and, like St. Paul, I prayed: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' The following week, I returned and had a long talk with the Superior. Anastasia, I am going to be a priest of Maryknoll, a foreign missionary—are you glad?"

His sister did not answer; at that moment, she could not. She continued to walk by his side, but her world had suddenly crumbled.

"Father does not really need me," she heard him say, "he can sell his business and be very well off. And they always have you at home to take care of them."

They had reached the church and they went to kneel before the altar. Edward listened to the voice of his Master and did not notice his little sister's face. She did not find peace where she had found it all her life; but she did find courage. When they reached home, and Edward broke the great news to his parents, Anastasia discovered an answer to all their objections. Before the family set out for Midnight Mass, Edward had the blessing of father and mother.

At midnight, when the bells rang out the tidings of our Savior's birth, peace came to Anastasia. She received our Lord in Holy Communion and was looking on the Infant in the Crib when suddenly He smiled and reached out His arms.

"Give me my Christmas gift," He said to her.

"What would you have, my Jesus?" she answered.

"Your life," smiled the Divine Child.

"Dear Jesus, I cannot give it to You now; I must stay at home, because You have chosen Edward."

"Give Me your life, not in your own way, but in mine," came the answer. Anastasia understood; happiness flooded her soul and every trace of bitterness vanished.

Six years later, on Christmas eve, Anastasia pushed open the door of the living-room and threw a letter on her mother's lap.



"Was our Lady's statue very beautiful, the Lady of the Knoll?"  
"Very," he answered.

"A letter from China," she said.

Six years had not changed her outwardly. She was still a slip of a girl, with golden hair, and a face whose joy was good to look upon. Father and mother glanced up at her from their chairs before the fire, and their own faces lighted up. She sat down on a stool at her mother's feet and tearing open Edward's letter, read it to them. Their missionary told of hardships and successes, and they were glad and sorrowful by turns.

At length, they came to a page addressed more particularly to Anastasia.

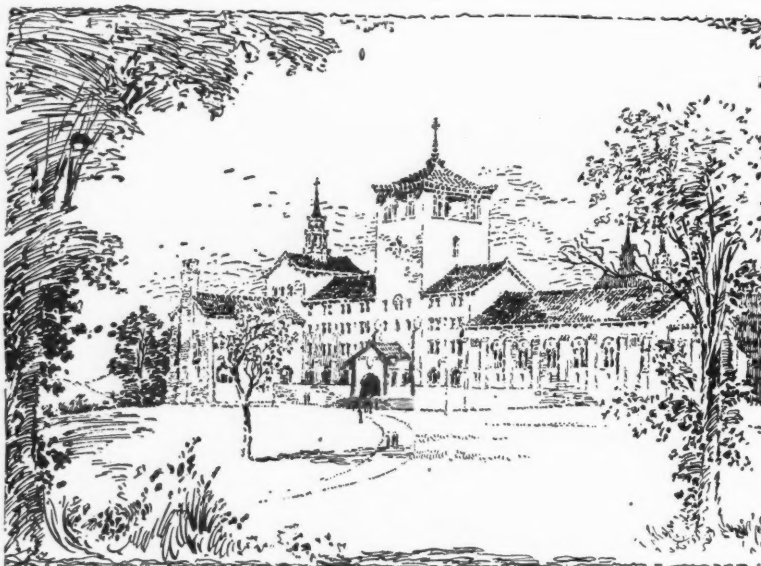
"Dear little sister," Edward wrote, "I want you to know that you are closer to me now than ever before. I feel that I am constantly upheld by your prayers. After each conversion of which I am the instrument, this thought is especially persistent in my mind. And now, I must tell you something wonderful. A week ago I baptized a family of three—father, mother, and little son. After I had poured the water on them, I looked up and saw you distinctly. You were standing between the man and the woman, with your hand on the child's head. You looked exactly as I saw you that Christmas eve, nearly six years ago, down at the wharf. I understood that the conversion of this family was your work even more than mine. Of us two, Anastasia, I believe you are the greater missionary."

Anastasia's mother kissed her tenderly. "Edward is right," she said, "you are our little home missionary and our saint."

Anastasia stroked her mother's hand, but she did not answer. Her soul magnified the Lord because of the wondrous use to which he had put her Christmas gift, and there passed through her mind with a new sweetness and meaning the familiar words: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for Me shall find it."

(By a Maryknoll Sister)

### The Seminary Tower.



The Maryknoll Tower, visible from the Hudson River, will dominate one of the most attractive sections of Westchester County—the garden of New York State.

Already the tower foundations are built—strong, rugged, and enduring. The spring of 1923 will, we believe, chronicle the rising of the walls, at least to a point that will enclose the water tanks, for this is to be not merely a thing of simple beauty, but something decidedly useful and a practical necessity. Many a Maryknoll trouble will be over when the water tower houses our "gravity feed."

A year ago, an earnest young Maryknoll "philosopher" asked the Superior if he and his fellow students might have the honor of erecting the crowning feature of the projected Maryknoll Seminary. The Superior said "Yes," but smiled at the suggestion, because young students have very inaccurate ideas of what it costs in these days to gather and lay stones—even if these have "grown" in one's own field.

And soon the young philosopher discovered for himself that a task lay before him and his fellows that neither he nor they could accomplish. And he was happy in this discovery because it led to another and a bigger idea.

Maryknoll belongs to American Catholics. This is a National Foreign Mission Seminary. Seminarians all along the line would be pleased and proud to say and have it said for the generations to come that

**This Tower of Maryknoll was built through the united efforts  
of Seminarians in the United States.**

This idea was taken up by the Student Crusade Unit at Maryknoll Seminary who are inviting all Seminaries, major and minor, in the country to share in the honor of building

**The Tower of Maryknoll.**



## Maryknoll in Korea and in Japan.

WHEN the Maryknoll Superior visited Rome last spring, the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda expressed his desire to have the American Foreign Missions take over a section of Korea, establishing also a procure in one of the large cities in Japan. Since then, Rome and the saintly Bishop Mutel, of Seoul, Korea, have been in correspondence, and the limits of the new territory have been fixed. Official notification, however, was delayed—to our considerable relief—because we were anxious this year to put what strength we had to spare into our Chinese mission. We were, however, happy, very happy in the thought that Propaganda had expressed again its confidence, and also, that we would be privileged to work among the Koreans of whom we had heard so much that is promising.

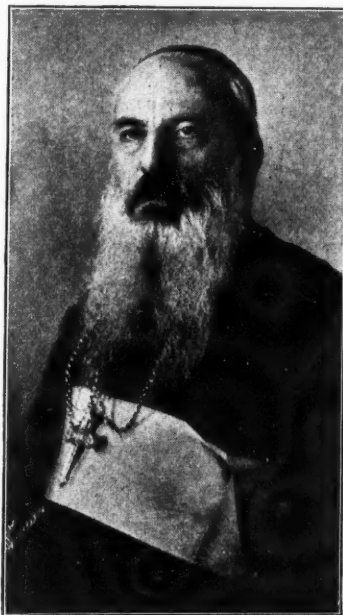
And now a word about Korea; later we will say what we hope some day to do there for the Kingdom of Christ.

Korea has an area of 82,000 square miles, almost exactly the same as that of the state of Kansas, and an excellent railroad runs throughout, from north to south. Its climate is not unlike that of our northern states, and the population is about 16,760,661. Of this number 88,939 are Catholics. These statistics include the island of Quelpert, which is part of the vicariate of Bishop Demange.

There are three ecclesiastical divisions. Ours will make the fourth, and the centre of all is Seoul where Bishop Mutel lives.

Bishop Demange who, in eleven years, has effected splendid results in a new vicariate south of Seoul, says that the spiritual field was never more disposed to yield a good harvest. He adds, however, that the Catholic priest there has been in the position of a farmer trying to cultivate a large tract of land without the proper implements. He writes:

Twenty or thirty years ago, only a



*The saintly Bishop Mutel, of Seoul, Korea.*

priest was necessary to attract souls of good will. Today he is not enough. He must have resources at his command. Protestant ministers now abound, and the natives are confused by the variety of religions. Also, the Japanese have brought new ideas into the country. All the Koreans wish to be instructed. They are eager for schools and for universities.

Korea, where, within the lifetime of some among our readers, Catholic priests won the crown of martyrdom, will be an interesting task for Maryknoll pioneers. It will also be a difficult task; and even now, before we send a man or a dollar into this new field, we ask from our readers prayers for light and strength in this new undertaking.

### *It Costs a Penny.*

Five thousand dollars to equip and land ten missionaries at Hong-kong.

Five thousand dollars a year to keep them alive and moving.

But it is worth while.

And they are worthy of more than this from us stay-at-homes.

### BACKING THE BUILDING.

I am enclosing five dollars for the stones on the enclosed card, and wish I could defray the cost of a hundred.  
—Conn.

At any time I can help you out I am willing to do so. I will never miss it as it is for a good purpose and for the work of God.  
—Mass.

I am very selfish; I have taken all the stones on the enclosed card for myself, for which offense I am sending \$5 and I hope you will forgive me. You ought to be sold out by this time—surely few can resist your appeal.  
—N. Y.

Accept this \$5 to pay for a few stones for the New Seminary. It is quite hard for me to spare the money, but it is harder for me to refuse anything of so much importance, and I am sure I shall never go hungry by giving it. I only wish it were a hundred—to help!  
—R. I.

Here is \$10. Wish it were \$100. I gave a Stone Card to a friend of mine, who, I am sure, will find it. So you can expect \$5 more from me soon. If more Catholics could get THE FIELD AFAR each month, you would have little trouble collecting. Every time I read it, I wish I had a million dollars for bricks and stones.  
—Mass.

Am indeed delighted with having such good luck in sending this Card more quickly than the last one. Perhaps you will be interested to know that I am offering one Holy Communion a week for the success of your work, as I'm trying to do my bit. I have another Stone Card to fill, so you will hear from me again.—Conn.

You may think that I have forgotten you, but I never will as long as I live. I helped to keep the pot boiling when Maryknoll was a wee "baby," and now every time THE FIELD AFAR comes to me I thank the good God Who made you grow so big. It's wonderful. This five-spot is to buy bricks and stones for the New Seminary. If I were rich, I would send more.—R. I.

Within, find the cost of some stones and bricks for your new homes. I hope and trust you will find some one charitable enough to put a roof over your heads! I only wish I could, but I am poor in this world's goods and have a sick husband. The enclosed was promised if he regained his health. Now he is working; therefore the stones, if you have the mortar to make them stick.  
—Mass.

### Maryknoll-at-Home.

LIFE at Maryknoll may be heartening enough for most of its residents, as, for occasional guests and flitting visitors; but the Treasurer and Procurator find it a succession of shocks, and they are almost tempted to cry out at times, "O Lord, please let up!"

Yet these two worthies, if we have taken their measure, would be really anxious if the good God did let up! What would happen in this event? No more new arrivals of students, brothers, or sisters; no more interested benefactors deepening their faith at this living spring touched by the hand of a loving Father; no more debts to be contracted; no more bills to pay, etc., etc. Why! Life would not be worth living without the worries incidental to the development of this great work.

"But what causes the worries?" say you. "Expansion," say we. Expansion causes many kinds of troubles, and Maryknoll is in almost constant adjustment, the hardest hit being the Procurator who has to adjust his machine to constantly increasing needs, and the Treasurer who has to find the means to settle for the Procurator's adjustments.

Here, for example, is the truck. We started, a few years ago, with the Tin Lizzie that lies on its back in the gully that leads to our woods. Lizzie was succeeded by Elizabeth of the long body, and since Elizabeth went the way of all tin, we have had several trucks of a one ton standard make. And now, with nine tons of FIELD AFAR coming and going once a month; with the *Junior*, and sacks upon sacks of other mail; with boxes and packages, trunks, and parts of machinery, we find that we shall be wasting time, energy, and money if we don't change our truck service from one one-tonner to a two-tonner plus a small delivery wagon.

Then there is the shipping



Out across the snow-white fields, this Maryknoller looks occasionally towards the West and wishes that he, too, might be gathering yellow daisies under a semi-tropical sun. And then he turns to another kind of snow-heap, piled high upon his desk, and, with a little sigh and a breath of prayer, smiles until the keys of his faithful typewriter sing merrily his praise of God.

room. A year ago, when hitching St. Paul's to St. Peter's, we removed a fine arched window and made a wide corridor into what we thought would prove an adequate shipping room for many years to come.

Today, we can see its finish as a shipping room in two short years, when the shipping activities must withdraw to a place of their own, leaving the present space for small parcel wrapping.

The post office is a bit tight, too, but large enough, although the sister in charge must have one, and, at times, two assistants. As for typewriting machines, we never seem to get enough. Just as soon as we do, a new sister typist appears, and a little round of work is waiting for her.

Where would Maryknoll be today, we often ask ourselves, without the click of writing keys and with no nimble fingers of faithful women to manipulate them.

But what would we do if we lived on a city plot instead of on 125 acres of land? And sometimes we ask ourselves if it will not be especially hard on some of our busy Maryknollers when they find themselves in some distant mission with less to do. Before me as I write, is a group of seven—six new mission sisters with their Mother sitting sponsor for them. We can hardly imagine any one of them, as we recall their occupations, taking the time necessary for a photograph pose. Each in her own sphere as sacristan, kindergartner, nurse, domestic or clerical worker, and general supervisor, was busy, busy, busy, when not asleep or at prayers. And now, for a while at least, some of these will be like travelers at a way station listening for the call "all aboard," and finding time heavily hanging. Oh, it's fine to be busy as bees! And finer still to know that ours is our Father's business that counts for the only thing worth while in life.

All of our outgoing missionaries have by this time, weeks ago in fact, arrived in Hongkong, and, since then, some at least have met, on that attractive rock, the big Père Robert who saw Maryknoll after the departure, and crossed America in company with the Maryknoll Superior.

Père Robert made a flight from ocean to ocean, but it is worthy of record.

You don't know Père Robert? Well, if you had been any length of time a resident either of Shanghai or Hongkong, you would know that he represents some 1,200 members of his own Society (the Paris Foreign Missions) as their Procurator General in the Far East, and as their Assistant Superior General wherever they are.

Père Robert is one man in a thousand, the adviser of many in various ranks of life, fully competent by experience and judgment to throw clear lights on the darkened East. His stay in America, including a day at Montreal, was limited to less than two weeks and could he have remained longer, the cause of foreign missions would have been the gainer. Even as it was, this zealous priest and keen observer saw not a little, and left an impress upon not a few.

At New York, the Director of our Medical Bureau plied him with questions, and some prominent laymen caught from his lips valuable opinions. At Maryknoll, Père Robert addressed the student body and he did likewise at Dunwoodie, the diocesan seminary. In Montreal, he met Bishop Gauthier, the Apostolic Administrator, also the founder of the newly projected foreign mission seminary. At Niagara, he followed the Maryknoll Superior with an address to the

seminarians, and, incidentally, of course, his eyes feasted on the vision of the mighty cataract.

Before reaching Chicago, he visited Notre Dame, where, to his surprise, he found an educational institution with some two thousand students.

In the great metropolis of the Middle-West, Chicago, through which every traveler must pass, Archbishop Mundelein received him most graciously; and one of his priests made it possible to see a goodly portion of the city. At



PÈRE ROBERT, PROCURATOR GENERAL IN THE FAR EAST AND ASSISTANT SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, THE VERY REVEREND SUPERIOR OF MARYKNOLL, AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE SEMINARY FACULTY.

*Rev. T. à K. Reilly, O. P.*

*Rev. C. J. Callan, O. P.*

*Père Robert*

*The Maryknoll Superior*

*Rev. J. A. McHugh, O. P.*

*Rev. W. J. Downs*

St. Paul, he was the guest of Archbishop Dowling, who gave a generous measure of precious time guiding him through the twin cities, and, in turn, elicited a store of facts that visibly appealed to such a student of history as the gifted Archbishop. From the twin cities, Fr. Robert made his trip across the Rockies and found a welcome at Seattle from Bishop O'Dea, his priest, and the Maryknollers in that city.

Fr. Robert was well satisfied with his trip and often remarked that it made him realize, as never before, why Americans are so proud of their country. To a man who, like our distinguished visitor, is accustomed to doing things in a big way, the United States could hardly fail to appeal—and we should have been disappointed had it not done so.

It looks as if an early institution at Maryknoll would have to be a hospital equipped with a first class operating room and a surgeon to use it. Think of it—eight operations on eight individual Maryknollers, all in the space of a few weeks. Are we getting so numerous—not much over 400

yet—or are we developing the operation habit?

We don't know; but the fact above stated has set us thinking. After all, it would not be a bad idea to have a hospital and training school not far from our main center. Think it over.

Another crowded section at Maryknoll is the sisters' chapel. Do you, who have followed their development, recall that once upon a time—a couple of years ago, to be precise—Maryknoll Sisters were installed in a new stone building with a high ceiling and such an abundance of light that when a complete laundry equipment was set up there, they could hardly keep away from the place.

Since then, the laundry machines found a more lasting home, and, almost overnight, this building which had often been taken for a chapel actually became one, seating very comfortably seventy-five sisters—more or less sizeable. But today, with 110 in steady attendance and an occasional overflow, it looks as if some stones would have to be removed and many others added.

## Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

**I**F we could only multiply ourselves! There are so many Japanese patients in the hospitals and in their homes, whose helplessness and sufferings make them docile to the inspirations of grace, and who drink in thirstily the words of the Gospel of the God-Man, Crucifixes, Sacred Heart badges, and medals that are given to them are treasured. Such objects of piety are proudly shown to the sisters with the words, "See, I always wear." The pity of it is that the homes of many are at a distance; so only infrequent visits can be made to instruct them.

If the Japanese colonies were not so scattered, many conversions could be made. These people are less self-satisfied and materialistic than the people in the cities. The women, particularly, crave for the consolations that the sweet teachings of Our Blessed Savior afford. Their husbands, in most cases, devoted as they are to their families, listen attentively, and end by asking instruction for themselves, their wives, and children.

A short time ago, we were startled to receive a request from a Catholic Chinese who is married to an Esquimau girl, educated by the sisters in Alaska, to arrange for the marriage, by a Catholic priest, of a friend of his, a Chinese pagan, to a white woman who had no religion. The pagan was told that the Catholic Church recognizes no divorce. The man replied: "That's what I want—one marriage, no separation. I want a Catholic priest to bind by marriage." The Church, however, could not confer the Sacrament upon those outside her communion, unless the parties consented to receive instruction and be baptized. This, doubtless, was too hard, for we heard nothing more from them.

As usual, Christmas Day will be given to our children. We will have the older ones at Mass in the morning. Alas! but a few are Christians. Then they, with the wee tots and some of the mothers, will have a real Christmas feast. After dinner an entertainment will be given by the children, and at its close, Santa will come forth from the huge chimney place with his load of toys and sweets.

Happy little hearts will be almost bursting with excitement and joy. Oh, that the great gift of gifts, the sweet Babe of Bethlehem, would bring to them, with all this Christmas cheer, the Spirit of Truth. A few among them, with God's help, will soon receive the Sacrament of Baptism. By your prayers, dear reader, you can bring others into the fold.



*The six new mission sisters with their Mother sitting sponsor for them.*



Could you see how lovingly these little ones grasp and kiss the crucifix hanging at sister's side, you would count no sacrifice too great to gather even one into the fold.

Some anxiety is always felt lest there be a shortage of gifts and sweets. Hence the sisters will be very grateful for donations of toys, candy, nuts, fruit, anything and everything, that will make Christmas a real Christmas—a Christian feast, by which we can make the coming of the Christ Child a living reality to these little ones.

That they are of an alien race will not matter to the truly Catholic heart. One God and Father is over all, and the Holy Spirit may be awaiting just *your prayer* to pierce the heavens and descend upon these little children of the Maryknoll Kindergarten, in all His love.

We are planning the second annual "Mite Box Shower" to take place shortly after Christmas. The Mite Boxes are distributed before Advent to friends and well-wishers. The idea was introduced here last year and it gained steadily in favor when it was realized how simply and easily one could help others to a knowledge of Christ. On a fixed date, the holders of the boxes come to Maryknoll, where a fine entertainment is provided. The spirit of sacrifice and the cooperation strengthen the bond between Maryknoll-in-Seattle and the kind friends of the great Northwest who have done much to aid her in her search for souls.

## Japangeles.

By Bamboo Phil

**A**NOTHER dear soul, inhabiting a Japanese body, has found refuge in the fold of Christ. This new lamb of the Savior's flock is a patient at Lourdes Sanitarium, Monrovia. She is one of the fortunate heirs to that illness, to which the Spaniards have given the significant name of "disease of the saints." Tuberculosis, when accepted as a divine favor, is sure to draw the sufferer close to God, allowing the Divine Physician to fashion the soul in the wasting body to His own will. Who has not marveled at the patient, even cheerful, endurance of years of enforced physical inactivity? When a person is well, he feels that he must go here and there, visit this place and that, call on one friend after another, and seek amusements everywhere; if he were made to remain indoors for just one day he would be inclined to speak of his imprisonment as an intolerable hardship. Yet a consumptive young lad tells you that he has been in bed "only three years," or expects to get up "after another year," or something equally heart-crushing; and he tells it with an accent of cheerful thankfulness. How hard it must be, however, to bear a lingering illness, like tuberculosis, when there is no faith to turn the suffering to spiritual account, and no satisfactory solution can be offered to the general problem of suffering.

Our own Japanese sister, Marianna, so humble herself and so excellent, instructed this convert at Monrovia. She is giving lessons in Christian doc-



A CARTOON OF HIS TEACHER.

*Drawn by "Wild Bear" at Lourdes Sanitarium, when he should have been listening to a catechetical instruction.*

trine to several other Japanese ladies in Lourdes Sanitarium, while Fr. Kress is instructing a class of convalescent men. There were three men at this sanitarium, living in the same large cabin, who spent many hours each evening discussing the fundamentals of religion, such as the existence of evil, predestination, etc. One of their number, who was reared a Protestant, made an able defense of the Christian position, reconciling God's justice with infinite goodness; dwelling on the excellence of free will, even though it entailed the possibility of rejecting God; on the blighting of

## A Christmas Gift That Will Last

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

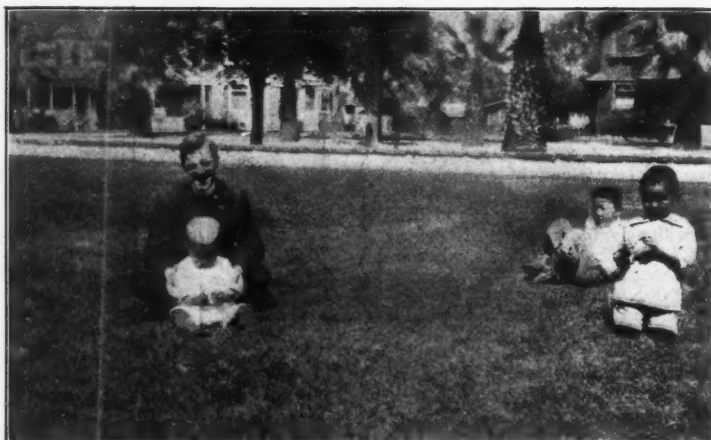
## THE FIELD AFAR

Enables you to give a present that will last throughout the year and will provide twelve monthly reminders of your friendship and thoughtfulness.

The gift of a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR may stimulate a vocation to the foreign missions—certainly it will spread the knowledge of the Church's newest development, and the money for the subscription will assist the work materially.

An attractive card announcing the subscription and bearing your name will be sent to reach the recipient about Christmas Day.

**SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—Address: THE FIELD AFAR, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.**



OUR TWO JOHNS.

human nature following the fall of our first parents. The matron of the sanitarium suggested that they put their difficulties to Fr. Kress and get the Catholic view on these questions. This was willingly acceded to. On the very first visit of the Father, the Protestant announced that his two companions were evidencing a strong leaning toward the Catholic faith and that he would be glad to see them embrace it. After a general discussion of ethical problems, the priest began a systematic course of catechetical instructions, which is still going on. A young Japanese, who was a captain in the American army during the late war, and who is a bed patient in the large club-like room where the men meet, is an interested listener. So far, he has been wholly noncommittal; but as he listens intently to every word—and is always smiling—I judge that he is not displeased with what he hears. The young men manifest particular interest in the spiritual side of our religion; and for that reason Father left a book of meditations for their daily use. A Hebrew patient, living at the sanitarium for a time, expressed great admiration for his Japanese neighbors. "I never before," he confided to me, "met such high-principled young men. Their reading is of the best that can be found, and their minds and conversations are as clean as their bodies. I did not think such splendid fellows lived." These young men are not different from hundreds of others of our race.

Did you ever hear the remark that

Have you looked over the Sale Table on the back cover? You might go further and fare—just as badly (?).

our features bear a resemblance to the Redskins? They have better eyes than ours. Our window frames are too narrow, with the result that foreign matter easily lodges inside the curtains, thereby causing frequent infections of the eyes. We resemble the Indians in one point: our names, like theirs, are usually taken from nature. We lack the poetic touch of the Indian; yet one of Fr. Kress's Japanese class is Kumano—"Wild Bear"; another is Tanaka—"Inside a Rice Paddy"; the third is Kaneko—"Child of Wealth." *Wild Bear* is a cartoonist; *Inside a Rice Paddy* is a cook and fixes up nice rice patties; *Child of Wealth* is a Chicago merchant. The recent convert is Mrs. Paper Village. I am a Bamboo House—Takeuchi; our catechist is Yonai, meaning either "Not Night," or "No Use." The first meaning fits him, not the second; for he is a real Light Bearer. Japanese words, when sounded and when written in Roman characters, often carry many meanings; but when written in our own sign language they have one meaning only.

The most common name with us is Yamamoto—Foot of the Mountain. It would sound funny, even to us, if we translated our names into English. We would then be calling Mr. Ebi, "Lobster"; our uncle, Fred Ogura, would be "Little Treasure Chest"; Dr. Kuroima would be "Blackstone." One fat little codger answers to the name of Kodama—"Tiny Marble." You notice no San Toy, or Madame Butterfly, or Miss Cherry Blossom among the names. They do not exist outside the fancy of librettists.

We are looking forward these days, as soon as the big grape crops are in, for the rains that will give the brown hills their new suits of green. Then the bare, sandy deserts will take on

new life and delight us with their myriads of blooms from tiny reds and yellows to giant yuccas. California is singularly fortunate in that it can present Dame Nature to us in all her varying moods. Ocean and mountain, brook and raging torrent, placid lake and tule marsh; wide acres of intensive cultivation, orchards of golden fruits, countless derricks coaxing out the earth's minerals; and always close by some mysterious desert beckoning, beckoning, beckoning. If Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed as a tiny spike of grass, what of the desert's flowering blades multiplied a billion-fold? We have the greatest variation of altitudes in the States—from Mount Whitney, 14,502 ft. plus to Salton Sea, 287 ft. minus; the greatest variation in rainfall—from 125 inches in the northwest redwood section to nothing in Death Valley; the greatest variation in products—from live glaciers on Shasta to dates in Coachella. All is perfect here except the one being, who should overtop all else: man himself. Here alone we find a mar and a blur; here alone are mental and moral decay. The fairest county of California, Los Angeles, harbors 7,000 men, who gave their name to the K K K—voluntarily enrolling themselves among this ordure of the white race.

Messages came back from the outgoing missionaries before they left San Francisco for the step across the Pacific. Here are a few echoes:

It is 9:15 A. M.; the first whistle has blown, and we're due to sail at 10 o'clock.

Yesterday, the other priests, Bro. John, and the sisters came aboard about two in the afternoon, only to find that an accident had prevented their occupancy of rooms assigned to them. However, the accident was a fortunate one for them, since all quartered in the "de luxe" cabins.

Coming across the continent, as usual, John had his quota of patients. On every train, our doctor had to attend to some one or other. Fortunately, none of us had to call on him for his ministrations.

The sisters are all delighted with their reception along the line, and I am told that their cabins are the best of all the rooms on board. As for myself, I think I may quote Fr. Walsh with the first group, "I wouldn't change places with anyone else."

Affectionate greetings to all at home.

#### CHRONIC NEEDS.

Multigraph  
Typewriter  
Typewriter desk  
Typewriter chair.

## Venard Letter.

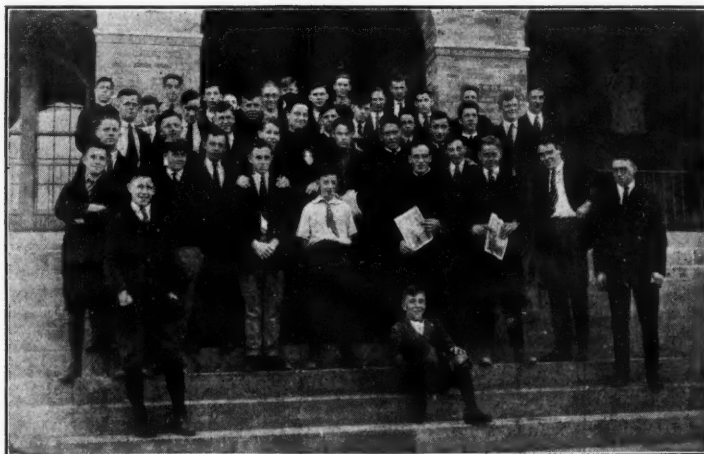
**D**URING November, the March winds and April showers blew and fell upon our walls and window panes until we rejoiced that our home was built upon a mountain top—far from the raging torrents that make mud pie filler out of the valley roads.

Bro. Farmer was busy with the tractor until elder Bro. John Frost came on the scene and tempered the face of Mother Earth until it could not be scratched. However, nearly all of the "winter crop" is in, and the stage is set for a vigorous farm offensive when the spring of life returns.

In the meantime, the lives of several soccer balls have been made miserable, and the welkin is shattered daily by the cheers of the vanquished, and the groans of the victors, as the hostile teams charge back and forth on the campus. On weekly holidays, the "all day walk" is as popular as of yore. The tang in the air puts a snap in the feet, and the miles are reeled off in jig time until the destination is reached—usually, a distant mountain or lake. Then the pack horses—human or flyver—unload their precious cargoes of beans and "dogs," doughnuts, coffee, and tin cans; the fuel administrators scout about for dry twigs and branches; the certificated cooks, who have taken a correspondence course in surgery, operate on Mr. Campbell or Van Camp; while the others proceed to aggravate already intolerable appetites by sniffing the air for chance morsels that may be floating therein. After dinner, a few snapshots are taken as souvenirs, and then the retreat from Moscow begins. Another meal greets the weary wanderers on their return, and cheers their flagging spirits for hair-raising contests in checkers, or for victrola records that attend the evening recreation. Then the boys "call it a day" and climb between the sheets with

A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain;  
But makes them hate like thunder  
The thought of rising again.

The most distinguished name recently inscribed on our Visitors' Book is that of Père Robert, the "great man of China." Fr. Robert has been one of the best of Maryknoll's friends from the very beginning—and a friend of Fr. Superior even before that. The prospect of entertaining this much-read-about personage and securing at first hand some of his impressions and experiences during thirty-seven years in China made air pumps palpitate with joy and anticipation. The great day arrived and with it the great visitor, who filled all our expectations



SOME OF OUR MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE MIDGETS.

*In the center of the group is the Passionist Father who conducted the boys' last retreat.*

as to his personality, his vision, his zeal—and all the other things we looked for. Fr. Superior was accompanying Fr. Robert as far as the coast, and the cheers were unanimously lusty when the visitors arrived. After a regulation White House reception, in which all the students met the Père and told him what part of our glorious country was relieved by their absence, there was just time for an inspection of the college buildings before October devotions and Benediction.

After supper, the faculty had their innings when Fr. Robert gave them an informal chat, most interesting in its details and inferences, about present day conditions in China. Then followed an entertainment—a Chinese play written by the students, liberally seasoned with "pep" and yet, as we

were glad to learn from Fr. Robert, quite true to character.

In his turn, after a few words by Fr. Superior, in appreciation of his past kindnesses and the courtesy of his visit at a time when time was short, Fr. Robert took the floor and gave us a talk that, while not lengthy, was "full of meat." We all felt that thirty-seven years of experience was behind his words, and their power was accordingly enhanced. Fr. Robert took as his theme the threefold development of the missionary—his mind, his will, his heart. He mentioned the first two merely in passing, but developed the third, impressing on us most forcefully that the missionary must, above all, train his heart to love his work; to love his people. The pagans, with their different customs and manners, with a strange mentality, may be far from attractive at first; with misapprehensions, they may even interpose obstacles and make the missionary's task a trying one. Yet the missionary must love these people, and he must let them see that it is a sincere, not an affected love. He must learn to love what is unpleasant; to do what is distasteful—and this is possible. "A missionary is a true apostle, a fruitful worker," said Fr. Robert, "precisely in the degree in which he cultivates in his heart this power to love his work and to love his people—to see in the latter the image of Christ, and in the former, the will and glory of God."

After night prayers, Fr. Robert resumed his journey westwards, followed by our prayers and earnest hopes that he will be spared for many more years in the vineyard of his beloved Chinese.

*In your own interest and that of our work, we urge readers who can do so to take out*

**NOW a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to The Field Afar. This will secure the following advantages:**

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**FOR US—**

- no worry about keeping you on our list.

### From Other Toilers.

**T**HE largest wireless station in the world will be completed in Shanghai about June, 1923. It will have six towers, each more than one thousand feet high. First of a network of similar stations to be established throughout China.

A non-Catholic friend in Shanghai has been set thinking by a Chinese rick-shaw coolie. Stopping outside of a Y. M. C. A. establishment, our friend asked the coolie if he was a Christian. The answer came back promptly: *Me no likee Klist. All his fiends talkee diffelent.*

In the Jesuit Mission of Kiangnan, China—of which mission Shanghai is the center—we find 150 Jesuit priests, including 17 Chinese. They are helped by 61 Chinese secular priests, making in all, 220 priests at work in that mission. These are assisted by 43 Little Brothers of Mary (a teaching order), also by more than 500 sisters—Carmelites, Helpers of the Holy Souls, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Sisters of Charity, and 236 Presentandines. Of the sisters, 360 are Chinese.

This mission covers a territory, we have been told, containing 50 millions of human beings.

Elsewhere, this issue carries a short article on the recent massacre of Fr. Tsin, a Chinese priest of whose life we have heard much that is edifying.

Fr. Tsin's superior, Bishop Ducoeur, is one of our Maryknoll Bishops in China, and from all accounts his mission is in a rather desperate condition. He seems to be between bandits and the river, not to characterize his plight as between the devil and the deep sea. We should like to help him financially, but as beg-

Maryknoll Books for Christmas Gifts—they cannot be equalled at the price. (See list on back cover)

gars and borrowers we can do little; yet if *you*, dear reader, are inclined to pass on a few good American dollars for Bishop Ducoeur's needs, we shall be as happy to forward them as if they were being applied to our building needs here and overseas.

An American lady who desired to render some service to the missions in a lay capacity was directed last year by the Maryknoll Superior to the Canossian Sisters at Hankow, China. Some extracts from a letter written by this American observer throw light on the infant question in China:

Coolies engaged by the sisters make a business of going around the city

### TO HELP OUR STUDENTS.

Nearly fifty new students have joined us this year. Many are so placed that they hesitate to appeal to the folks at home for financial aid.

At the Seminary, no tuition is required, but each student has considerable incidental expense—clothing, books, etc. Student-Aid foundations are maintained to relieve such cases, and additions to these are most useful and acceptable.

Three thousand dollars will provide for the education, board, and personal expenses of one student entering our Preparatory College (The Venard) as a beginner, and finishing his course at Maryknoll as a priest.



ON THE WAY TO A PAGAN TEMPLE.

dumps and river banks to find the babies, and they work long hours. When the babies are brought in, the first thing is to baptize them. Many are just gasping for breath and die before they can be washed and dressed. Those who die are given a Christian burial; the others are taken across the river to Wuchang and given to native nurses, whom the sisters pay by the month for their care.

On two days of each month, the Mother Superior goes over to Wuchang to examine the babies. If they are thriving, she lets the nurse keep them for another month. If they look as if they did not receive the proper care, she changes nurses; but as these women need the money, they usually take good care of the babies. When the babies are two years old, they are taken away from their nurses and put in this institute, where they are taken care of until they are about eighteen or nineteen years old. Then they either marry a Catholic or stay here. Those who stay here live in the order of St. Francis—are virgins making vows—and help the sisters to teach and care for the little children.

This convent is a very large plant. The sisters are Italian and their motherhouse is in Rome. They have been in China and India for seventy years, and they do a great amount of good for they have truly an apostolic spirit. They receive on an average from ten to twenty babies a day.

Here, about three hundred people receive Holy Communion in the little chapel every morning. A Chinese priest is the chaplain. Twice a week he gives instructions to all the Chinese, in the chapel, and every day he goes from room to room instructing in the catechism. He is a very holy man. There are some old



women here who came when the sisters first came to Hankow, over fifty years ago. I am the only English-speaking person in the house.

I hope you are not suffering from the cold. My fingers are so stiff that I can scarcely hold the pen. This is truly a place of poverty. The poor sisters never have fire. We have a little in an open grate, about one by two ft. When two or three children stand before the grate, as they are doing now, they absorb all the heat that comes from the few coals. But it is good penance. When I used to ask my confessor permission to do some little extra penance, he would always say, "No, you will get all the penance you can stand when you go to China." I see now he was a wise confessor. I get all I can stand without asking for it.

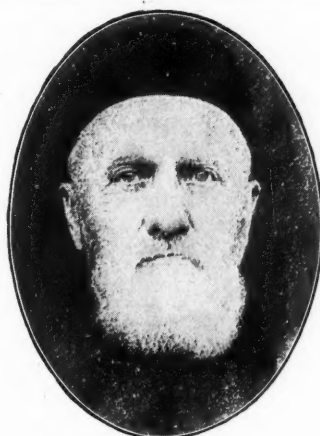
The strong, sensible paragraphs that follow were penned by Fr. Joseph Gonnet, of the Company of Jesus, who went from France to China in 1843, and died in the country of his adoption in 1895.

Fr. Gonnet's life has appeared under the title of *A Half-Century of Apostolate in China*:

Money has been called the sinews of war. Most certainly it is also the sinews of the missions of today, for without it the Catholic ministry, despite its zeal, would not only be unable to progress, but could scarcely maintain its position in the apostolate of pagan countries.

The development of religious faith is like that of human industry; its progress demands the association of capital and labor. Capital makes man's labor productive and increases the strength of the laborer a hundredfold by means of the machines he can buy and make use of. With the help of capital, which procures for him steam, electricity, and all the resources furnished by nature, man acquires, as it were, new organs, and through them he produces more labor and better labor than it would be possible for a large group of workmen to do without machines.

Likewise in the apostolate, a missionary with money is able to hire well trained native helpers, to open schools and dispensaries, and to accomplish various works. In this way he can obtain alone more results than would be obtained by a greater number of missionaries without funds. It is in this sense that a missionary bishop, whose funds were low and who was told of the arrival of new missionaries, replied that for the spread of God's Kingdom fewer missionaries and more money



FATHER JOSEPH GONNET, S.J.

*He made a call for the organization of funds in China so that the work of God could be pushed more rapidly through the cooperation of man.*

would have been more useful to him. Such statements ought not to scan-

dalize us. They must be rightly understood. Far from maintaining that money alone suffices to make Christianity, we admit—and it will always be true—that the world will be won over by apostolic poverty. Only that missionary who lives austerely and who is detached from all things will have the power to convert sinners and make of them real Christians. It is to this poor missionary also, whose heart is not moved by riches, that God will give money, not in truth for his own comfort, but for the advancement of the works of the Kingdom of God.

We may take Saint Francis Xavier as our model in this respect. The king of Portugal supplied him with generous alms, but all this money was devoted by Xavier to his neophytes and to religious works. He himself lived in true evangelical poverty; he washed his own clothes and was ill protected from the cold and the heat. Such is the law of Christianity; the more a missionary gives himself over to evangelical poverty, the more help Providence will afford him in his fruitful labors for the conversion of souls.

## Young Folks Will Enjoy

### THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT



Attractive in its make-up, delightfully illustrated, alive with interesting foreign mission stories, news items, and contests, the JUNIOR makes a strong appeal to all that is best in our American boys and girls.

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## Maryknoll Medical Mission

The time has come to bring American missions to the attention of M.D.'s, D.M.D.'s, nurses, hospital officials, and others devoted to the relief of bodily ills. Kindly send us the names of your medical friends. We wish to drop them a line that may prove a blessing to them, as also to the Maryknoll Missions.

The Offices of the Maryknoll Procure and Medical Mission are at 410 East 57th St., New York.

### Catholic Hospitals in China.

Visitors to the treaty ports of China are impressed by the commodious hospitals under the management of the different sisterhoods. Three stories, with large verandas, the Catholic hospitals are striking in appearance, and departing visitors, unless observant, may overrate the position of hospitals in China. Few of these contain more than two hundred beds, and the smaller hospitals are by far more numerous.

In all China, there is but one hospital bed to every 25,000 of the population, and, furthermore, the hospitals are centered in the largest cities, leaving hundreds of thousands in the towns and smaller cities unprovided for. In the Maryknoll Mission of Kwangtung, there are two small Protestant hospitals totaling fifty beds, for a population of 2,800,000, or one bed for every 56,000 of the population.

These small hospitals are the more common among our Catholic institutions. They usually consist of two or more small mission houses, built in semi-Chinese style, with little attention to fresh air or sunlight. They are screened against flies and frequently washed, but rough walls, cracked floors, wooden beds, lack of running water and baths, militate against asepis. The patients often lie in bed fully dressed and covered by their own blankets.

In the north, the rooms are heated in winter, but often in the south, where the humidity renders the cold very piercing, there is no provision for heating the rooms.

Few of our Catholic hospitals have resident physicians and they must depend on the local Protestant mission doctor, or on the skill, due sometimes to experience, of the sister in charge. Compared with Protestant hospitals, our institutions stand out well both in cleanliness and nursing. The Protestant doctor is often alone in his hospital without any nurses other than young Chinese boys to whom he is teaching the rudiments of medicine. Hence the essential quality of a good hospital, efficient nursing, is more often found in our Catholic institutions.

Inquiries regarding the conditions of Protestant mission hospitals in 1920 showed that 34 per cent have no nurses whatever,



St. Joseph's Hospital, Shanghai, is an up-to-date institution—with some thirteen hundred patients—built and maintained by a Chinese "St. Vincent de Paul," Mr. Lo.

### MARYKNOLL MEDICAL BUREAU.

(To bring Medical Science to the aid of Foreign Mission Work.)

The Medical Department of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America will gratefully acknowledge gifts and bequests of instruments, books, standard drugs.

Address: 410 East 57th St., New York City.

foreign or Chinese, but depend on the patient's friends for all nursing during the daytime; 62 per cent have no night nursing; 37 per cent possess no bedding; 94 per cent have no running water supply; 50 per cent never bathe their patients; while 37 per cent have no protection against flies or mosquitoes.

In every one of these details, our Catholic hospitals are no worse and often better equipped. Notwithstanding such a handicap, our hospitals are succoring hundreds of thousands, and their success is attested to by the crowds who eagerly come for treatment. Many major operations are performed successfully, and the zealous nursing of our sisters has counteracted many of the evil effects of the poor equipment. Our greatest weakness is in a non-resident medical staff, for which no amount of skillful nursing on the part of our sisters can compensate.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same.

Those of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions.

We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.



A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and other a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.

**Address all communications to:**

**The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

To every Circler, Maryknoll wishes an overflowing measure of Christmas joy, which comes from the possession of that peace which Christ alone can give.

By your prayers and charitableness, you have helped in a very special way to make straight the path of the Lord into pagan hearts—a preparation for Christmas that will surely win for you the blessings of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The generosity of two Pittsburgh Circles has provided the recently opened Maryknoll Convent at Yeung-kong, with an ample and finely assorted supply of kitchen ware, towels, soap, and other necessary articles for keeping the new convent bright and clean. *Maria Mission Circle, No 17*, included with its gift a stringless check for \$50.

The following new Circles have been formed:

*The Court Liberty Circle, N. Y. C.; Non Nobis Solum Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Bishop Dunn Circle, N. Y. C.; The Mission Circle, St. Paul, Minn.; St. John's Circle, Fall River, Mass.*

There are many additions to the Maryknoll family, and, as we are short, blankets will find a warm welcome.

Welcome and bountiful offerings have been recorded for:

**THE CATECHIST SUPPORT FUND**—*St. Teresa's Circle, North Tarrytown, N. Y.; Marie Mission Circle, No. 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.; The Venard Circle, Pittston, Pa.; The Mary Ann Circle, La Fayette, Ind.*

**STRINGLESS GIFTS AND CIRCLE DUES**—*Corpus Christi Circle, St. Paul, Minn.; Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Circle, Holyoke, Mass.; St. Teresa's Circle, N. Tarrytown, N. Y.; The Maryknoll Mission Circle, Danielson, Conn.; St. Catherine Circle, Irvington, N. Y.; St. John's Circle, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Xavier Circle, Westfield, Mass.; The Friendly Helpers, N. Y. C.; St. Patrick's Circle, Westfield, Mass.; St. Bridget's Circle, Worcester, Mass.; The Maryknoll Club, Worcester, Mass.; Holy Souls' Circle, Lonsdale, R. I.; St. Vincent de Paul Circle, Phila., Pa.; The Maryknoll Sisters Circle, Jersey City, N. J.; Rev. Father McGlinchy, S. J. Mission Circle, Somerville, Mass.; St. Joseph's Circle, Fall River, Mass.*

**PAYMENTS ON ROOMS**—*Our Lady of the Missions Circle, Washington, D. C.; St. Robert's Circle, Newark, N. J.; Court Ave Maria Circle, N. Y. C.; the final payment from The Friendly Helpers of New York City.*

**LINENS, KNITTED ARTICLES, AND SURPLICES** were donated by the following: *Non Nobis Solum Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Catherine's Circle, Irvington, N. Y.; St. Aloysius Circle, N. Y. C.; Sacred Heart Circle, Yonkers, N. Y.; St. Rose of Lima Circle, N. Y. C.; The Mary Ann Circle, La Fayette, Ind.*

**WRITE TO THE CIRCLE DIRECTOR FOR THE LITTLE RED STOCKING.**

A Maryknoll Sunday was given for the Maryknoll Sisters by the *New York Assembly of the CATHOLIC DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA*, at their Club House, on November 12.

Miss Susan V. Breslin, Chairman of the Assembly, welcomed the Sisters; after this the history of Maryknoll—its work and missions—was given by the Superioress of the Maryknoll Sisters. Grand Regent and delegates from the Courts of New York City, Bronx, Brooklyn, Long Island, Staten Island, Westchester, and nearby towns were present.

These brought home the story of Maryknoll to their hundreds of members. We trust and feel sure that many friends and workers for Maryknoll will result from this day.



CIRCLE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS FROM OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP PARISH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The following invitation was sent out by the *St. Aloysius Circle*, N. Y. C. The returns were sent to the Foreign Missions. What do you think of it?

#### OUR SALMAGUNDI PARTY.

*These are the days of new ideas  
And startling innovations,  
You're going to hear of something new  
In party invitations.*

★ ★ ★

*This party has a funny name;  
It should be held on Sunday,  
For that would make a better rhyme—  
Its name is Salmagundi.*

★ ★ ★

*This party is to send a box  
To some poor far-off mission  
Where missionaries find it hard  
To get their ammunition.*

*A box of medical supplies,  
Those useful little things  
That ease the way and help to soothe  
The pain that sickness brings.*

*And now I'll tell you how to buy  
Your ticket of admission,  
No money is to be received,  
That is a fixed condition.*

*Just bring a package for the box,  
Some medical supply,  
Don't get a thing that's spillable,  
But something safe and dry.*

**Absorbent Cotton, Epsom Salts,  
Zinc Ointment, Rubber Gloves,  
Cool Camphor Ice, Old Linen soft**  
That every patient loves.

**Boric Acid, Castile Soap,  
Tablets of Iodine:**  
Remember **Aspirin** of course,  
And don't forget **Quinine**

**Gauze Bandages** of any width  
Will surely useful be,  
Glass **Droppers** for the medicine,  
And **Flaxseed** for nice tea.

Some **Clinical Thermometers**,  
Some **Scissors with blunt points**,  
Some tubes of good **French Balm** to  
The stiff and aching joints. [rub

**A Measuring Glass, a Nurse's Spoon,  
Rhubarb and Soda Pills,  
Bicarbonate of Soda**, too,  
Will surely cure some ills.

**Adhesive Plaster, Fuller's Earth,  
Tablets of Glycerine,  
Court Plaster, Sal Hepatica,**  
And tubes of **Vaseline**.

*You'll likely think of other things  
For tickets of admission,  
Just pack them up and come along  
To help that far-off mission.*

## On to Washington

**O**CCASIONALLY in these columns, we will give snatches from the diary of Maryknollers at the Catholic University, and we know that readers who follow our progress will be especially pleased to share their confidences.

*September.* An early start. Mid heartening cheers and shouts of well-wishers, we *Garlanded* down the dubious Maryknoll road. Of course, Fr. Superior's blessing was upon our heads, and, as a consequence, our hearts were light. The 8:25 for New York; the 10:10 for Washington—as simple as that.

On the train, we found three forlorn kiddies enroute from Babylon, Long Island, to Catonsville, Md.; bound for the *Pentecostal Gospel Home*—and they, Catholic boys! Later, one of us learned that the boys and their father were under the impression that this home is Catholic, and the Rev. Wm. Houck, its director, a priest. Our blood was up; a council of war; "Pete" elected to follow up the matter. At Baltimore, he interviewed the lady who awaited the Mancuse boys—Albert, Peter, and Anthony—and was told quite bluntly that they would be educated and reared as Protestants. At which, he smiled knowingly. Later, Fr. Connelly, Chancellor of the Diocese, heard the tale, received written details, and declared emphatically that the St. Vincent de Paul Society would have the lads in Catholic keeping tomorrow. And they were. We wonder if the finger of God was not concerned here.

"On to Washington." Arrived at 11:30, and, after craning our necks for the distant capitol, we trolleyed to Brookland, Trinity College, the Sulpician Seminary, the Apostolic Mission House—our destination—signed the register and clambered up five stories where, breathless, hot, and happy, we clasped a Maryknoll hand—that of Fr. T.

"One doesn't realize the precious gift of the Maryknoll spirit—it is such an intangible, elusive sort of thing—until he is away from it." The observation is not original, but that it is true, we insisted—the more so, because this was our first deprivation. Fr. T. assigned us rooms, large and well furnished—i.e., in comparison with those at the Knoll—and the somber color scheme is calculated to induce study and religious thoughts. At one o'clock, we dined, meeting Fr. O'Hern, rector of the Apostolic Mission House and Fr. Walter Elliott, veteran of many campaigns against the common enemy of mankind as well as of the Civil War.



## Crusade Notes

We note that there are now 1,107 Units, in which are enrolled 209,973 Catholic Students—truly "a strong tower against the enemy." Over 700 of these Units subscribe to *THE FIELD AFAR*. The spirit of the Units is revealed in these extracts from recent Crusade letters:

This offering of \$3.50 is from some students of—*Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Mich.*

Enclosed \$5 is sent by the Chaminade Mission Unit.—*Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo.*

Please apply our gift of \$25 to the Bl. Sophie Barat Burse.—*Academy of the S. H., St. Louis, Mo.*

The accompanying check for \$50 is from the Unit and is to be sent to Fr. Ford. This Unit pledged itself to give a certain amount every year to Fr. Ford.—*St. Meinrad Seminary, Ind.*

Please accept our offering of \$50 from the students of Mt. St. Joseph College and Academy. Your wonderful work receives our spiritual support daily, and we hope to be able to give more material aid.—*Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa.*

As our Unit is contemplating launching a generous program for the missions, I will be very thankful for any data you can give on the cost of erecting a chapel, school, etc., in China. Our Unit is anxious to do practical and lasting work.—*Fr. Walsh, Crusade Unit, St. Mary's Seminary and College, Emmitsburg, Md.*

Last year the children of Elmhurst joined the C. S. M. C., and our interest in the missions has increased one hundred fold. Enclosed is a check for \$65, the proceeds from a small Tea given for the benefit of missions. It is just the beginning; you will hear from us later.—*Academy of the S. H., Providence, R. I.*





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Gratifying interest in our work was expressed during the past month by gifts of money, gifts in kind, subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR and to THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR from:

Arkansas, Alabama, Arizona, California, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Canada, China, France, India, Italy, Poland.

#### NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

**LIVING:**—M. A. B. and family; E. N. B.; T. P. C.; R. A. C.; S. J. C.; W. C., Jr. and family; T. B.; M. E. C.; J. A. C.; C. M. D.; J. E.; M. M. F.; Mrs. M. A. F.; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. and family; Mrs. C. F.; K. F.; M. A. G.; Mrs. C. H.; M. V. H.; H. M.; W. J. J.; J. R. K.; N. K.; B. L.; B. D. M.; K. McF and family; E. C. M.; J. M.; P. J. M.; M. M.; M. McC.; J. McCS.; Mrs. N. L. M.; H. M.; A. O'K.; L. A. P.; F. T. R.; A. R.; Mrs. A. S.; J. S.; D. S.

**DECEASED:**—Souls in Purgatory; Wm. Cruickshank, Jr. family; Barrett family; Mrs. Florence Baker; Bridget F. Barry; Thos. N. Brann; Mrs. Clara Brewington; Michael Cadden; Catherine Cullen; Mrs. Catherine Donoghue; Jas. J. Esterguard; James Fay; Mrs. Frederick Ferry; Jas. A. Holland; Mrs. Lila Holleran; Wm. Malaney; Mrs. Rose Stadler; Mrs. Alice Marminier; E. G. Marminier; Katherine G. McCormick; Edw. P. McCourt; Ellen C. McCourt; Patrick McLaughlin; Robert W. Melsba; Mrs. W. E. Montrose; Catherine O'Brien; Michael O'Hagan; Mrs. Dunward Ovitt; Mary, Hugh, and Anna Powderly; Ellen Scanlan; Cornelius Sullivan; Dennis F. Sullivan; Mrs. Edna Webber; Edmund Wingate; Michael M. Johanna, and Wm. J. Maher; Richard Fahy; Richard Maher; and Michael M. Fahy.

We are pleased to acknowledge a gift of \$1,000 from Holy Rosary Parish, Holyoke, Mass., to cover the passage of one of our priests and one sister to China. Our sincere thanks to the pastor and people of this apostolic parish.

More than 1,200 new subscribers were entered last month. These represented 27 states in the Union and three foreign countries. Massachusetts led, with New York, Maine, Michigan, and Ohio running into high figures.

The following letter, recently received, was, indeed, gratifying:

Members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality in this parish, wish to give a testimonial of love for their late pastor, Father John Keliher, whom you probably knew. As I have charge of the sodality, naturally they came to me for suggestions. Now, I think that it would be an excellent thing to give a room to the new Maryknoll Seminary. (I understand this can be done.) So, if you will kindly give me some information on this subject and the prices of the rooms, I shall greatly appreciate it.—*Rev. Friend, Mass.*

The cooperation of religious orders has been a great asset in our work and the words that come from Superiors and others are strongly encouraging. Witness these, for example, from the Brothers of Mary, at Dayton, Ohio:

Enclosed check for \$110 is to be applied to the Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursary; \$100 is an offering from our Students' Mission Crusade Unit and the other \$10 is from four of the grades of Holy Rosary School, Dayton, Ohio.

I wish I could send more at this time, but there have been many demands made upon our students for various charities. I have, however, written to all our schools and have asked the principals to remember Maryknoll.

Your appeal for help to put a roof on your new building was a powerful one. Whenever I preach in any of the Dayton Catholic churches I endeavor to mention Maryknoll and thus to interest the faithful in this most praiseworthy activity of the Catholic Churches in the States.

#### STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursary is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest always to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursary is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar bursaries.

Any bursary or share in a bursary may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new bursary may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

#### SEMINARY BURSSES—Complete.

Father B. Bursary.....	\$6,273.31
C. W. B. L. Bursary.....	6,077.50
St. Columba Bursary.....	6,001.00
Holy Trinity Bursary.....	6,000.00
John L. Boland Bursary.....	6,000.00
<b>Bishop Cusack Memorial Bursary,</b>	
Albany Diocese.....	6,000.00
Mother Catherine Spalding Bursary.....	6,000.00
St. Paul Archdiocese Bursary.....	6,000.00
Sacred Heart Bursary, No. II.....	\$6,000.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary Bursary.....	\$774.04
Bl. Julia Billant Bursary.....	\$737.31
Margaret Agnes Ellis Memorial Bursary.....	5,500.00
St. Stephen Bursary.....	\$455.00
Abb. John J. Williams Bursary.....	\$5,279.21
St. Joseph Bursary.....	\$5,230.73
St. Teresa Bursary.....	\$5,168.27
Holy Ghost Bursary.....	\$5,152.10
St. Vincent de Paul Bursary.....	\$5,105.76
Our Lady of Mercy Bursary.....	\$5,052.00
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Bursary.....	\$5,002.00
St. Margaret Mary Bursary.....	5,000.00
Cardinal Farley Bursary.....	5,000.00
Sacred Heart Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. Willibrord Bursary.....	5,000.00
Providence Diocese Bursary.....	5,000.00
Fr. Elias Younan Bursary.....	5,000.00
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Bursary.....	5,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Bursary.....	5,000.00
Bishop Doran Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. Charles Borromeo Bursary.....	\$5,000.00
St. Thomas the Apostle Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. Catherine of Sienna Bursary.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Bursary, I.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Bursary, II.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Bursary, III.....	5,000.00
Fall River Diocese Bursary.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Bursary, I.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Bursary, II.....	5,000.00
Annuitant's Memorial Bursary.....	\$5,000.00
Rev. John J. Cullen Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
Anonymous Bursary.....	5,000.00
Mother Theodore Guerin Bursary.....	5,000.00
Mackay Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
Rev. Thomas F. Price Memorial Bursary.....	\$5,000.00
Manhattanville Alumnae Association Bursary.....	5,000.00
James and Catherine Meehan Bursary.....	5,000.00
Thomas T. Farley Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Bursary, I.....	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Bursary, II.....	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Bursary, III.....	5,000.00
Our Lady, Help of Christians, Bursary.....	5,000.00
Our Sunday Visitor Bursary.....	5,000.00
Osburn and Kane Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
Cheverus Centennial School Bursary of Malden, Mass.....	5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Bursary, I.....	\$5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Bursary, II.....	\$5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Bursary, III.....	\$5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Bursary, IV.....	\$5,000.00
Mary, Queen of Heaven, Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. Thomas Aquinas Bursary.....	5,000.00
Pittsburg Diocese Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. Margaret of Scotland Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. Mary Magdalene Bursary.....	\$5,000.00
Mary Dunn Memorial Bursary.....	5,000.00
St. John Evangelist Bursary.....	5,000.00

The Field Afar is the Dollar-a-Year Mission Magazine.

## COLLEGE BURSES—Complete.

St. Michael Burse I.....	\$6,000.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	\$6,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,342.25
Rev. Jos. M. Gleason Burse I....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleason Burse II....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleason Burse III....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleason Burse IV....	5,000.00
E. J. and E. G. Connerton Burse...	5,000.00
"Our Sunday Visitor" Burse....	\$5,000.00

## SEMINARY BURSES—Incomplete.

Holy Face Burse.....	\$4,933.11
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	4,751.09
Grogan Memorial Burse.....	\$4,700.00
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse.....	4,612.77
Kate McLoughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,045.00
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved)....	4,000.00
All Souls Burse.....	3,918.71
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	3,836.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	3,731.49
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	\$3,722.50
The Most Precious Blood Burse.....	3,604.00
Curé of Ars Burse.....	\$3,551.10
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,258.47
St. Anne Burse.....	3,203.50
Holy Eucharist Burse.....	2,940.50
Trinity Wokanduit Burse.....	2,783.53
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	2,231.06
Our Lady of Mount Carmel Burse.....	2,068.89
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.....	2,051.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,007.10
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,865.10
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	1,755.05
Fr. Chamade Memorial Burse.....	1,741.50
Pius X. Burse.....	1,724.25
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,720.07
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,527.48
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	1,500.00
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,357.75
Mother Seton Burse.....	1,281.25
Omnia per Mariam Burse.....	\$1,110.00
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	1,105.00
Sr. Mary Pauline Memorial Burse.....	1,018.50
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America Burse.....	945.23
St. John Baptist Burse.....	920.33
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston, Burse.....	800.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	694.73
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	643.51
St. Lawrence Burse.....	641.25
St. Rita Burse.....	640.15
St. Michael Burse.....	628.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	450.03
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	529.28
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	422.01
Holy Family Burse.....	335.00
Children of Mary Burse.....	279.55
St. Bridget Burse.....	263.00
St. John B. de La Salle Burse.....	253.86
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	250.00
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	226.50
St. Boniface Burse.....	207.40
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	181.16
The Holy Name Burse.....	178.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
All Saints Burse.....	137.28
St. Jude Burse.....	128.00
St. Peter Burse.....	127.07
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	120.00
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	100.00

## COLLEGE BURSES—Incomplete

Little Flower Burse.....	\$4,177.17
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	3,500.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,592.80
"C" Burse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	627.50
St. Michael Burse, II.....	560.32
Holy Eucharist Burse (Reserved).....	250.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	106.00

The Memorial Rooms are selling at five hundred dollars each.

Sixty have so far been taken by individual Circles, or societies.

Three Annuities came in—two little ones and one of four figures. Three wills matured—adding another four figures to our credit—and notice came of three other wills in which we have been remembered. The matured wills were those of Margaret J. Ramsey of New York City; Ellie R. Maloney of New York City; Mary Franley of Boston, Mass. We also received one hundred dollars from the estate of John T. Comes of Pittsburg for Masses to be offered for his soul.

Herewith please find check to your order for \$5, representing contents of Mite Box which you forwarded me some time ago. The money was saved by my children from their spending money.—N. Y.

I am sending \$10 for bricks or stones. I know both are wanted, so whichever way it is spent is all the same to me. The money was collected in the family; every pay-day a little change being dropped into the Mite Box from the pay envelope, and in that way we soon had ten dollars.—Mass.

Pray, please, for the souls of:

Sr. M. St. Mark, Sr. M. Blanche, Sr. M. Clare Houston, Mary Egan, John W. Armstrong, Martin McNeerney, Mr. Hanlon, Patrick J. Dougherty, Mrs. Thomas W. Hynes, Mrs. Thomas F. Combe, William M. Jamieson, Mr. Burnes, Sabina Davitt, Charles M. Sweeney, Mrs. Michael Hayes, William T. Fitzgerald, Catherine T. Freeman, Mrs. Adelaide Burke, Denis H. Toomey, Mary Corcoran, Mrs. F. Foster, William F. McGowan, Marie A. Ballard, Paul Vaccan.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Wonder Story*, by Marion Ames Taggart; Benziger Bros., N. Y.; price 25 cents, or postpaid 35 cents.

*Work, Wealth, and Wages*; Matre & Company, Chicago; price: cloth \$1.00; paper 25 cents—\$18 per one hundred.

Religious Christmas Cards; Address Rev. B. A. McKenna, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; price \$1.05 for twelve. All profits go to the building fund of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

*Every FIELD AFAR lover*  
Reads from cover to cover;  
But of this we won't brag

Nor would you  
While delinquents dare slight  
What must first meet their sight—  
Month on wrapper when payment falls due.

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

The Funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

Maryknoll Propaganda Fund.....	\$5,000.00
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	1,474.08
Sanctuary Candle Fund.....	307.12
Sanctuary Oil Fund.....	253.55
Altar Wine Fund.....	219.00

## CURRENT APPEALS

Special Appeal.....	\$1,473.91
Stones in Seminary Wall.....	127.70
Memorial Rooms in New Seminary	1,025.00
Bricks in Preparatory College Wall	10.00
Seminary Tower.....	5.00
Minute Men.....	
Departure.....	547.00

## STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000 the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard.

## MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Fall River Diocese Fund.....	\$1,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund.....	273.98

## VENARD STUDENT AID.

Venard Circles Fund, No. 1.....	\$1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 2.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 3.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 4.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 5.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 6.....	432.03

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

## MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incomplete burse and funds in the lists below are invited:

## NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	\$1,500.00
Mrs. Annie Cole Memorial Burse.....	1,500.00
Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,500.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse.....	1,500.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	400.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.60

## NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Abb. Williams Fund, I.....	\$4,000.00
Abb. Williams Fund, II.....	4,000.00
Abb. Williams Fund, III.....	4,000.00
Abb. Williams Fund, IV.....	4,000.00
Abb. Williams Fund, V.....	4,000.00
Abb. Williams Fund, VI.....	4,000.00
Yeungkong Fund, I.....	4,000.00
Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,820.15
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julia Billart Fund.....	360.00

## OTHER MISSION FUNDS.

Missioners' Books.....	\$468.00
Circles' Missioners' Support.....	462.75

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

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Garage opposite station.  
Telephone: Ossining 594 & 882

Boilers! Three Hot Water and  
Steam Boilers. Also one Tubular  
Boiler. All replaced by Central  
Heating Plant. All in excellent  
condition. All FOR SALE. Ad-  
dress: The Rev. Procurator, Mary-  
knoll, N. Y.

#### CHRISTMAS FOR MARYKNOLL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Our "Maryknoll" Japanese children  
are looking for a visit from Santa Claus  
with a well-filled pack. Will you help  
fill it?

Of course, gifts of money are ac-  
ceptable, but we are not appealing for  
that. Have you not some old sewing  
pieces—balls of yarn, spools of silk, pieces  
of lining materials—stuffed down in your  
sewing basket, or in an old box? If  
so, gather what you can find and send  
it to THE CHRISTMAS WIZARD,  
Convent of Our Lady of the Missions,  
Clarks Summit, Pa., who is getting up a  
box of presents—simple little things which  
will gladden the hearts of these brown-  
eyed little Orientals in our own land.

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